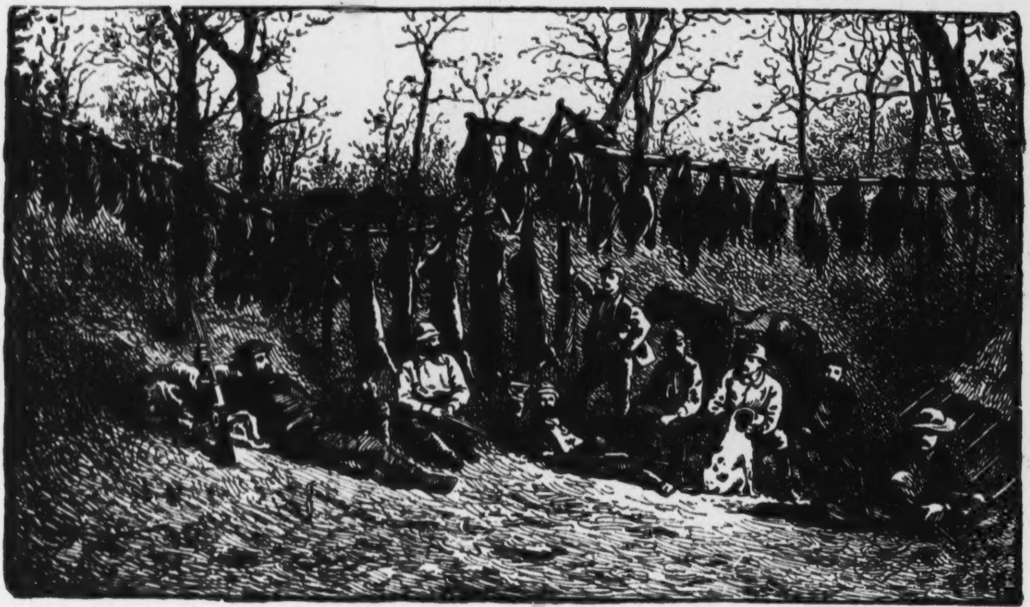
XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

WESTERN AMERICANA

Reproduced from the original in the collection of
PENROSE PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Produce of the Hunt.

THE OKLAHOMA SCOUT.

BY

THEODORE BAUGHMAN.

CHICAGO
HOMEWOOD PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

115079

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER. PAGE.
I. How I Became a Soldier.............. 9
II. The Battle of Resaca................. 10
III. The Battle of New Hope Church...... 27
IV. Battle of Lost Mountain, or Gilgal Church.............................. 35
V. Battle of Culp's Farm............... 41
VI. Personal Reminiscences............... 46
VII. Battle of Peach Tree Creek........... 53
VIII. Surrender of Atlanta................. 64
IX. March to the Sea..................... 78
X. Anecdotes of the War................ 85
XI. Farewell Addresses................... 97
XII. After the War—Off for Kansas....... 104
XIII. At Delphos, on the Banks of the Solomon River......................... 110
XIV. Skirmish with Indians................ 118
XV. Trip to Arizona...................... 135
XVI. The Trail from Wichita to Cantonment 139
XVII. Driving Wild Horses.................. 145
XVIII. D. W. Lipe, Treasurer of the Cherokee Nation 150
XIX. Trip to Tuscosa—How a Kansas Bragger Was Sold...................... 152
XX. Sketch of Caldwell................... 159
XXI. Southern and Western Cattle Trade.... 165
XXII. My Experience as Government Scout... 173
XXIII. General Hatch and His Staff Officers... 183
XXIV. Lieutenant Charles Taylor............ 186
XXV. Trip to Fort Riley.................... 188

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
XXVI.	Further Wanderings	191
XXVII.	General Hatch's Camp	201
XXVIII.	Indian Graves	204
XXIX.	Hunting Memories	206
XXX.	Other Scouts	210

THE OKLAHOMA SCOUT.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I BECAME A SOLDIER.

This book will be principally concerned with the events connected with my twenty years' experience as a scout and frontiersman for the United States army in the West. But that the reader may have a better understanding of the motives and causes which led me to adopt a career of such adventurous hardship a brief sketch of my previous life will be necessary.

I was born in Attica, Seneca county, Ohio, on the 30th of July, in the year 1845. There were nine children of us, I being next to the oldest. My father was a mechanic. He moved to Branch county, Michigan, about the year 1858, where we were living when the rebellion broke out.

I will not dwell upon my boyhood, which in its details did not materially differ from that of thousands of other hard-working farmer lads. I always had a longing after an adventurous life. The humdrum experiences of the farm didn't at all suit my notions. I did plenty of hard work, to be sure, but it went against the grain, and I spent as much time as I could get in hunting and fishing or roaming over all the surrounding country.

Nor was I much fonder of the schoolhouse than of the farm. I was not the teacher's pet by any means. Memory fails me in any attempt to enumerate the thrashings I got for the various offenses of a genuine "bad boy." I was not often without a black eye, and generally two or more of my fingers were tied up in rags, little reminders of fights with other boys.

This sketch indicates my course of life up to the commencement of the rebellion in 1861, at which time I was a stout, well-grown boy of sixteen. But I did not count myself a boy then, but felt anxious to be a soldier along with the rest of the men. Early in the year 1862 my elder brother John and I went to Coldwater to enlist in company C of the 19th regiment of Michigan infantry, the rendezvous of the regiment being at Dowagiac. To my chagrin they refused to muster me in on any account of my age, and most reluctantly I was compelled to return home and resume work on the farm. The regiment my brother was in, the 19th Michigan, had in the meantime been captured at Spring Hill, or Thompson's Station, near Nashville, Tenn., and after having gone through the terrible ordeal of Libby prison had been exchanged and was stationed at McMinnville, Tenn., in August, 1863, when I again enlisted in the regiment and was this time accepted and was assigned to company A, my brother John being in company C. I enlisted at Coldwater. In two days I was at Detroit, very much elated to find myself dressed up in soldier's clothes

There were twelve recruits of us. We remained in Detroit two weeks. It was haying time when I enlisted, and the feeling uppermost in my mind was the pleasure of having got rid of taking care of that hay. Well, there came times in my after life when I would gladly have given all I possessed to be back in that hay-field! The officer who recruited me promised me a furlough of ten days, which, however I never got. At Jeffersonville, Indiana, our squad was put in charge of some deserters and bounty-jumpers who were being escorted back to their respective commands. Between Jeffersonville and Louisville one of these patriots managed to get his hands free of his hand-cuffs, and jumped out of the car window while the train was at full speed and made his escape. The officer in charge said to me:

"Didn't you see him?"

"Yes, I said.

"Well, why didn't you stop him?"

"O," I answered, "I wanted to see if the fellow would jump."

This shows how green I was, and how little I knew of the strictness of military discipline. It is needless to add I learned better afterward. The officer took the matter good-naturedly, but said:

"This may have been funny to you, but it won't make my number of prisoners good when we get to Louisville."

At Louisville I remember spending fifty cents in fractional currency (they were not introducing laws to abolish silver in those days, for it had abolished itself) for a couple of cylinder escapement pies, that is, pies whose contents, if they ever had any, had escaped like my fellow out of the car window.

I next found myself quartered in the Zollicoffer House at Nashville, Tennessee, where I saw my first dead soldier. He had not fallen amid the crash of contending columns, but had quite as effectually fallen down stairs and broken his neck. I got permission to to the theater and went. We turned our band of bounty-jumpers over to the provost marshal at Nashville, and were glad to be rid of them. The third day after our arrival we took the cars for Stevenson, Alabama, as escorts for some two hundred soldiers who were being returned to their commands. Stevenson at this time was a small village, but beautifully situated at the base of the Cumberland mountain range, with a magnificent country stretching away to the southward. There was a large convalescent camp here at the time of our arrival, a town of canvas covering forty acres. This was vacated next day, and eight of us were detailed to guard the camp and the railroad siding. We had something of a royal time the few days we were there, and took many a sly peep into the well-filled cars of sutler's stores that were passing through. But I was anxious to join our regiment, which lay at McMinnville, in order to see my brother. We went from Stevenson to Murfreesborough on the cars.

We remained at this place about a week, and were quartered in a brick house which contained about as many rats as it did bricks. Pete Stewart, one of our squad, was a good soldier and a good enough fellow, but liable to be cross, especially when the whisky gave out, as it had on this occasion. Pete was a great hand to take care of his clothes. He had had nice boots made to commence soldering in. One night while in the aforesaid brick house Pete thoroughly greased these boots and placed them beside his bunk. During the night the hungry rats ate big holes in both of them. When Pete saw his mutilated foot covers in the morning the atmosphere was blue thereabout with profanity, and he vowed vengeance. He shot one rat and was looking for the others when the patrol guard came and marched Pete to the guard-house for firing his pistol. I haven't seen Pete for twenty years, and don't know where he is, but I never think of that incident without laughing.

We marched afoot from Murfreesborough to McMinnville, where we joined the 19th Michigan, and were assigned to our respective companies. I found my brother well and glad to see me. But he said, "Theo, what in the world did you enlist for?" I told him I wanted to see this thing through. He said, "You'll get enough of soldering if you live." We spent the winter of 1863-64 at McMinnville. Most of that time our regiment was kept busy building fortifications. The monotony of this work was varied by foraging expeditions through the surrounding country, and a portion of us were engaged in collecting taxes for the state. Captain Frank Baldwin, now quartermaster on staff in Washington Territory, was our leader on the foraging expeditions. On one occasion we came across eight of the soldiers of the 22d Wisconsin, lying piled up by the side of the road; with a placard on one of them which read: "Fate of those who follow Baldwin." This did not stop our foraging, but kept us all the time on a sharp lookout.

In the spring of 1864 our regiment was assigned to the 20th corps, commanded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," 2d brigade, 3d division, and was ordered to Corin Station, on the Chattanooga & Nashville Railroad. Just at this juncture I began to realize the stern realities of war, and my mind turned somewhat longingly to that old hay-field back in Michigan. We had a great deal of hard marching to do over the Cumberland mountains. Although we are required to leave at Corin Station every unnecessary article, including on my part a new suit of citizen's clothes and winter blankets, we still found it a "hard road to travel," and fervently wished we might catch up with the enemy just to get a rest. We were marching for Chattanooga, where the army was being concentrated. By this time I had become an expert forager. I recall one day while we were toiling through the mountains, that, being thirsty, I dropped out of the ranks to hunt a spring, which I was fortunate enough to find, and with it a spring house. I returned to the column with my canteen filled with sparkling water, a nice roll of butter in my haversack, and a ham swung on my gun. That night brother John and I had a royal feast. Much of the scenery through this country is the most magnificent the eye ever beheld. Mountains towered up in terrible grandeur on every side, while lying between them were valleys as delightful as any poets have ever sung. It frequently made my heart sad to see so fair a country laid desolate by the unrelenting storms of war, but the southern people would have it so. We went out to save the Union, and were bound to do it, no matter who suffered. We all had confidence in "Old Billy," and he learned that "subsisting off the enemy" was a military necessity.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

The scene as we approached Chattanooga is still fresh in my mind. Sherman's army was encamped on a hillside sloping toward Lookout Mountain, where the old 20th corps under Hooker had fought the memorable battle above the clouds.

These were stirring scenes, certainly! The life and motion of a great army cannot be realized by one who has not witnessed them. Regiments and brigades are being moved hither and thither to take their respective places in corps and divisions. General officers are on their steeds, each face wearing the look that betokened the stern resolve of actual war; gaily dressed orderlies and aids-de-camp are riding furiously from one part of the army to another. The vast supply trains are being loaded or unloaded; batteries are going through the artillery drill, and there are a hundred other features that go to make up a bustle that never loses its interest even to an old veteran.

Gen. George W. Butterfield was our division commander; Col. John A. Coburn commanded the brigade, with Col. H. C. Gilbert in command of our regiment.

The 20th corps was stationed on the right center, and our portion of it happened to occupy that post which when the advance was made led us straight on to Buzzard Roost.

The following report of Col. Coburn, then commanding our brigade — the 2d — gives so graphic a description of the operations of our regiment and the balance of the brigade from the 8th to the 21st of May, 1864, including the hard-fought battle of Resaca, that I will insert it in full:

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIG., 3D. DIV., 20TH ARMY CORPS,
CAMP NEAR CASSVILLE, GA., MAY 22, 1864.

CAPTAIN JOHN SPEED, A. A. G. 3d Div.,
20th A. C.:

Captain,—I have the honor to report the following operations of the 2d brigade, 3d division, 20th army corps, from the 8th to the 21st day of May, 1864. On the 9th day of May the brigade was encamped in Dogwood valley. Two regiments, the 19th Michigan and the 20th Connecticut, were ordered to march and occupy Boyd's trail over John's Mountain, south of Buzzard Roost. This was done after a slight skirmish, with the loss of one sergeant of the 19th Michigan mortally wounded. Three regiments remained there on the 10th, the remainder of the brigade still in their former camp. On the 11th the brigade moved with the division to Snake Creek Gap, some seventeen miles, and went into camp near the southern end, and at once began work on the road making a double track for wagons and a byway for troops. On the 12th the brigade continued the work on the road. At noon three regiments marched three miles in advance and encamped in the rear of a part of Gen. McPherson's command. The 20th Connecticut and the 33d Indiana remained at work on the road during the day, and at night rejoined the brigade. May 13th the whole brigade marched at daylight, and about 2 o'clock p. m. went into position in the rear of the 15th corps, in the neighborhood of Resaca, having been deployed in two lines. In the evening the brigade marched to the left and front about a mile and a half, and encamped for the night in the rear of part of the 14th corps. May 14th the brigade moved forward about 400 yards, and relieved a part of the 14th corps, Carlin's brigade in front and to the left. The formation was in two lines deployed. The brigade encamped here for the night, on the left of the division. The position of the enemy was in our front and beyond a narrow cleared valley upon a low wooded ridge covered by fortifications. The 14th corps was severely engaged with the enemy here during the day.

May 15th the brigade moved in the morning with the division to the left some two miles, passing the 14th, 4th and 23d corps, and here, having halted, received an order to advance in rear of the right of the 1st brigade, in column, in two lines, and in their support as an assaulting column on the works of the enemy. On coming to the position where the formation was to be made it was found to be impracticable on account of the location of part of the 4th corps on our right. The brigade was then formed in close column of battalion immediately in rear of the 1st brigade. Soon after this order was changed, and the two brigades were directed to be formed in two lines in rear of the 1st brigade, which was being done, but before the completion of the deployment orders were given to advance at once, and as rapidly as possible support the 1st brigade, which was making an advance on the enemy's works. The brigade was moved forward at once in the following order: First line, 85th Indiana, Col. Baird, on the right, 19th Michigan, Col. Gilbert, on our left. Second line, 20th Connecticut, Col. Ross, on right, 22d Wisconsin, Col. Utley, on the left. Third line, 33d Indiana, Major Miller, in the rear of 22d Wisconsin. The brigade was thus formed in a narrow ravine, very thickly wooded with low and bushy trees, with steep hillsides, and out of view of the enemy and their works. The advance was difficult up this steep hill. At the time of receiving this order to advance, and throughout the movement up the hill, the 2d division of the 20th corps was moving by the left flank in from six to eight lines, from right to left, through my brigade, breaking and intercepting the lines, and preventing every regimental commander from seeing his own troops, or the possibility for the time of managing them. The brigade, notwithstanding, moved forward over the hill and onward, carrying some men of the 2d division with them and losing others of its own men, who were swept with the heavier current to the left.

The summit of the hill is covered with woods, but the slope beyond and the valley are cleared in front of a portion of the rebel works, which were situated on the hill beyond, and which here presented, opposite our right, a salient angle receding with a long sweep sharply to our left. The brigade advanced across a portion of the field to the works and the rest along the woods to its left. This was done under a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, which killed and wounded many of our men, but they advanced bravely and planted the colors of the 19th Michigan and 22d Wisconsin in a small fort of the enemy, occupied by four of their field pieces. Such was the fury of the enemy's fire that the men could not advance further, and here a portion of the 1st and 2d brigades remained during the day, holding this position under the very brow of the rebel earthworks. A portion retired to the left and rear. Soon after my arrival in the vicinity of the rebel works Gen. Ward was wounded and left the field. I took command of the forces then and made the effort to charge and take the enemy's works, but such was the disorganized condition of the men of both brigades and the terrific force of their fire that such charge failed, and nothing more could be done than to hold the place up to the line of their breastworks. In one of these charges late in the day the 111th Pennsylvania (Col. Cobham) gallantly participated. Remaining here until nearly sunset I received an order to go to the rear with the men of my command then with me. I returned, leaving the men where I had placed them, near the rebel breastworks, and this was approved. A portion of the brigade having been formed in the rear and to the left after the first charge, I took them by the order of Gen. Butterfield to the left still further to meet and assist in repelling a charge then made by the enemy upon the left of our position. The 33d Indiana at once charged forward and promptly met the attack. After a severe fight, in which the rebels suffered much, they were repulsed and retired. Gen. Butterfield then directed me to send 200 men to reinforce the men of my own brigade near the rebel earthworks. This was done under the command of Lieut.-Col. Buckingham, of the 20th Connecticut. His force assisted in digging the side of the fort away and in dragging out four pieces of artillery at night.

The losses of the brigade in the action are as follows: Killed, 28; wounded, 200. I refer to the reports of the regimental commanders for the names of officers and men killed and wounded and for acts of distinguished merit. Early in the action Col.

Henry Gilbert, 19th Michigan, was mortally wounded while leading his men up to the rebel works. His life has been gloriously sacrificed to his country in the front rank of his soldiers. Capt. Calmar, of the same regiment, was killed on the top of their ramparts. Capt. Patton and Lieut. Flynt, of the 22d Wisconsin, were mortally wounded close beside him. The conduct of the brigade under the peculiarly trying circumstances was excellent. Their determined and gallant charge secured the position so boldly won by the 1st brigade, and together held it under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns five hours in daylight, and their prompt and vigorous action upon the left late in the day contributed powerfully to repel the fierce assaults of the enemy there. The brigade encamped on the battle-field, a detail making breastworks during the night.

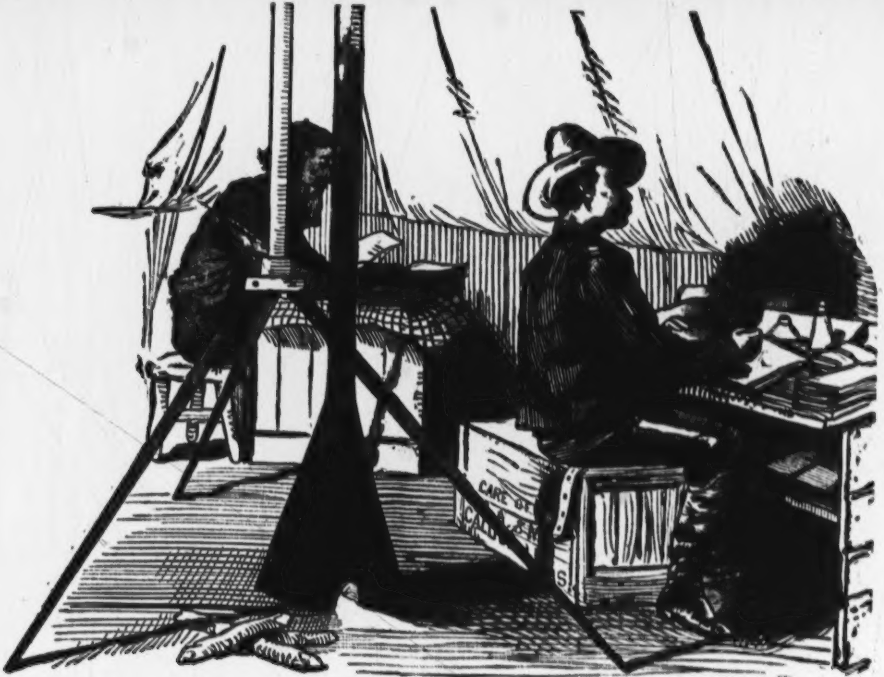
On the morning of the 16th the brigade marched with the division, passing the railroad near Resaca and crossing the Conasanza on a temporary bridge left standing by the enemy. At 11 o'clock at night the brigade arrived at Coosawattie river and crossed soon after on a ferry-boat. This was accomplished at half-past ten on the morning of the 17th. At 2 p. m. of the 17th the brigade marched, leaving a detail of 150 men to complete a bridge over the Coosawattie river, and 250 men as a train guard. Marched till 10 p. m. and encamped with the division. On the morning of the 18th the brigade marched toward Cassville, the division pushing the enemy in front. The 22d was left with the train as a guard. The brigade moved on, having made a march of some twenty miles; encamped on a gravelly plateau some four miles north of Cassville. Two regiments, the 33d and 85th Indiana, were sent back two miles in the night and stationed as a guard upon the road intersecting the one to Cassville. Upon the 19th a portion of the brigade was ordered to advance with the division to the right of the road to Cassville. The 19th Michigan, Major Griffin, and 20th Connecticut, Col. Ross, were sent. The 33d and 85th Indiana having come up were ordered to hold the Cassville road and fortify. This they did until 2 p. m. The regiments of the brigade in advance occupied the right of the division, and supported the artillery, driving the enemy before them with great promptness and bravery. At 2 p. m. the 33d and 85th Indiana were ordered forward from their position on the road, and at 4 p. m. joined the division already formed and advanced upon the enemy. They were hurried up and placed in position to the right and rear of the division, which had arrived to a point half a mile west of Cassville. Just at this time the 19th Michigan and 20th Connecticut were ordered up to support company C, 1st Ohio artillery, which took a position on an eminence that commanded the enemy's lines on the opposite side of Cassville and to the east. The 33d and 85th Indiana were moved up and formed the second line in their immediate rear. At dusk the 19th Michigan and the 20th Connecticut were advanced into the town, supported by the 33d and 85th Indiana, which, after a skirmish, they held and occupied during the night. The streets were then strongly barricaded and every preparation made for a strenuous resistance of any effort made to dislodge our forces. The heights beyond the town were covered by the enemy in long, large numbers, who made extensive fortifications during the night but abandoned them at daylight. The brigade occupied the town at 2 a. m. of the 20th, when it moved to the west about a mile and a half and encamped with the division, the 1st division of the 20th corps relieving us at Cassville. I here take occasion to return thanks to all my staff for their activity and aid and obeying and executing all orders and meeting all exigencies. To Capt. A. G. Kellum, acting provost marshal, Lieut. Crawford, A. A. A. G., and Lieuts. Booth and Reynolds, my aids, I accord the highest praise for bravery and coolness. The commanders of regiments did, I believe, their whole duty as soldiers and brave men.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN COBURN,
Colonel 33d Indiana, Commanding Brigade.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

On the 25th day of May the brigade was engaged in the battle of New Hope Church, Georgia. The following is an extract from Col. Coburn's official report of the engagement: "On the 25th of May the brigade marched toward Dallas at 9 a. m. During the day there was cavalry skirmishing in front. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock the brigade crossed Pumpkinville creek. At 4 p. m. the division arrived in the rear of a position held by the 1st and 2d divisions of the 20th corps, in which they had but a short time before been attacked by a heavy force in front on the Dallas road, near New Hope Church. The brigade was formed in line of battle by battalions en masse, and moved forward on the right of the road to support the 3d brigade of this division, a distance of a mile through the woods in the direction of the firing. The 3d brigade bore off to the left at the sound of firing, and I was directed to advance to the front. This advance, although in the woods and hills, was executed as though on drill ground. Coming under a rapid fire of artillery the brigade was deployed in two lines, the 33d Indiana and the 19th Michigan in front, the 85th Indiana and 22d Wisconsin in the rear. The brigade was advanced a short distance and halted. The country just here is an unbroken forest, undulations from twenty to thirty feet in height. The enemy was posted on one of these ridges and had fortified, having his artillery in position, commanding the ground of our advance. I soon received an order to relieve Robinson's brigade of the 1st division, and began the advance with the brigade, but the 19th Michigan was ordered by Gen. Hooker to halt, and then go to the left and relieve a regiment of the 2d division severely pressed, which it did at once, pouring in a destructive fire. The 33d Indiana was continued on the advance to the front to relieve Robinson's line, the 22d Wisconsin and 85th Indiana being held in reserve. The line before named had given way and could not be found, but I soon did find the front line occupied by Gen. Knife's brigade and a portion of Gen. Burger's brigade of the 1st division. Gen. Knife requested me to relieve his line, their supply of ammunition being almost exhausted. This I did so far as I could with the 33d Indiana and its 550 muskets. The regiment advanced without a falter in line, passing through Knife's line and delivering volley after volley, soon silenced the musketry which had been heavy and was increasing in front. During this advance the enemy poured in upon us a tremendous fire of artillery, raking the ground upon which we stood. Shells, grape shot, canister, railroad spikes and every deadly missile rained upon us. I aver that no regiment could have borne with more unfaltering daring this fearful cannonade and musketry fire than did the 33d Indiana that day. So, too, with the 19th Michigan on the left of the road. The fight continued until long after dark. A cold and heavy rain closed it, and the men went to work in the darkness to hunt up logs and sticks with which to make rude breastworks. The 19th Michigan was relieved at 1 o'clock in the morning. The 33d Indiana continued on the front line and fortified, laboring the entire night. The losses in the action were as follows: 19th Michigan, 1 officer killed and 3 wounded, Capt. Bigelow mortally, 3 men killed and 44 wounded, total 51; the 33d Indiana, 3 men killed, 2 officers and 43 men wounded; the



ADJUTANT'S TENT.

22d Wisconsin, 1 officer and 8 men wounded, and 1 man killed; the 85th Indiana had 1 officer and 6 men wounded; making in all 1 officer and 7 men killed, and 7 officers and 101 men wounded, a total of 116. Many of the wounded died, among them Capt. Bigelow, of the 19th Michigan, an intelligent, active, energetic and most efficient officer. In this battle the 2d brigade, while engaged, covered at least a fourth of the entire fighting front of the corps, and held it until the contest closed in the impenetrable darkness of a midnight storm. Not a gun was fired upon the right, and it boldly held its position there with the possibility of a flank at any moment. Late at night the 111th Pennsylvania, Col. Cobham, came from the left and took position, erecting breastworks on the right; and on his right the 1st brigade of the division formed and continued the line of works, refusing it almost directly to the rear. In this battle Major Miller, commanding the 33d Indiana, and Major Griffin, 19th Michigan, greatly distinguished themselves for coolness and daring. Early in the morning of the 26th the 22d Wisconsin and 85th Indiana took their position in the front line, relieving the 33d Indiana and the 123d New York. The fortifications were strengthened, and a continued and destructive skirmish fire was kept up, in which the brigade lost 2 officers and 27 men. At dark the brigade was relieved and moved to the right, in the rear of the 1st brigade. May 27 the brigade moved forward and occupied the works made by the 1st brigade, which advanced some fifty rods and fortified. May 28, remained in same camp under a constant skirmish fire and occasional fire from artillery. May 29, remained in camp.

At 11 o'clock at night the enemy made a demonstration on our left, which resulted in a furious discharge of musketry and artillery for nearly an hour. We heard heavy firing at a distance on the right of the army, which proved to be an attack on the army of the Tennessee. May 30 the brigade moved into the front line, relieving the 3d brigade. May 31 the brigade remained in the same camp. June 1 the brigade was relieved by a part of Gen. Morgan L. Smith's division of the 15th corps at 1 p. m., and with the division marched in rear of the army lines northeast about four miles, passing the 4th, 14th and 23d corps, encamping on a precipitous and rocky ridge, occupied in front by the 1st division of the 20th corps. June 2d the brigade marched southeasterly two and a half miles and halted in rear of the 23d corps, forming a single line and throwing up works with bayonets, cups and plates in an incredibly short time, under a fire from the enemy's artillery. Here Major Miller, 33d Indiana, was wounded in the head. June 3d the brigade with the division moved still farther to the left and northeast toward Ackworth, following Hovey's division of the 23th corps, and in support of it. After moving a mile we halted near Morris' Mill Church, and encamped on the extreme left flank of the army. The 22d Wisconsin in support of a battery erected fortifications. By this movement the right flank of the enemy was turned and he began to retreat. June 4th the brigade moved forward and occupied the line of Hovey's division, which had advanced. June 5th remained in camp. June 6th the brigade marched at 6 a. m., southeasterly about five miles, and struck the Sand Town and Burnt Hickory road. After moving upon it a short distance the brigade took position at Mt. Olivet Church, near Kemp's Mill, on the left of the road. The church was burning as we approached, the enemy having just passed to the left and eastward. Pine Knob on the left and Lost Mountain on the right were plainly visible from this position. Here breastworks were erected, beginning at the road and running eastward. The lines were refused on the right of this brigade by the 1st division, 20th corps, and on the left by the 1st brigade of the 3d division. The brigade encamped here until the 15th of June, taking upon the skirmish line six prisioners. The rain which began on the 1st of June continued almost daily. The roads became muddy and rations scarce, so that the brigade's regular rations were not issued for a short time. While here the 23d corps moved to our right and toward Lost Mountain, and the 4th and 14th corps to our left toward Pine Knob, on which could be seen the rebel camp.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF LOST MOUNTAIN, OR GILGAL CHURCH.

On the 15th of June the brigade moved with the division, and crossing the small stream just below Kemp's Mill advanced on the road toward Gilgal (wrongly called Golgotha) Church, in a southeasterly direction, leaving Lost Mountain to the right and west about a mile and a half, and halted near a line of the enemy's works just abandoned upon the left of the road, and here formed in line of battle in rear of the 1st brigade, the 23d corps being on the right of our division and the remainder of the 20th corps on the left. Here the brigade remained about two hours. At this time the 1st brigade advanced in line of battle across an open field, broken in right angles to our line by a ravine a quarter of a mile wide, to a road beyond, where the enemy's skirmishers were posted. They were soon dislodged. The 2d brigade was ordered to advance in support of the 1st brigade in line of battle, the 19th Michigan, Major Griffin, on the right. On its left the 85th Indiana, Col. Baird, the

33d Indiana, Major Miller, on its left, and the 22d Wisconsin, Col. Utley, on the left. This movement was executed with regularity and promptness, the right somewhat advanced. On arriving in the wood a deep ravine was encountered in part of the line, and still farther forward the ground ascended, forming a broken ridge, thickly covered with trees. The 1st brigade met with considerable resistance with the enemy's skirmishers, but advanced, bearing off toward the right, a portion of it crossing the road. Here it was subjected to a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, coming from what proved to be the enemy's first line of earthworks, about two hundred yards in front, and tremendous volleys of musketry were returned upon the retreating enemy. The 1st brigade soon exhausted their ammunition, and upon the request of Brig.-Gen. Ward I relieved his line, sending the 85th Indiana and the 19th Michigan to his relief on the right of the road and the 33d Indiana and 22d Wisconsin on the left of the road. The troops on the right were subjected for a short time to the same heavy fire the 1st brigade had borne, but having been directed by Col. Baird not to return the fire it soon ceased. It had by this time become dark. The troops on the left of the road at once began the work of fortification and continued it all night. Those on the right were withdrawn and placed on the left of the brigade, and in like manner fortified. The front of the brigade was composed of the 33d Indiana and eight companies of the 22d Wisconsin. The remainder of the line was refused on the left along the edge of a ravine, a portion of the 85th Indiana crossing it to the extreme left. An effort was made throughout the night to connect our line with the 1st division on the left, but such was the darkness and the distance that it was not effected until after daylight. While with his regiment upon the side of the road Major Griffin was mortally wounded, and died during the night. He was a gallant, faithful and intelligent officer, and nobly did his duty at all times. His death was a public loss. Ten men were wounded in the brigade during the fight. Col. Baird exhibited remarkable coolness and skill in managing his troops on the right of the road under a galling and destructive fire, and in withdrawing them almost unhurt, when a want of caution might have sacrificed many of the men. During the night one regiment of the 23d corps joined my right, refusing its line square to the rear along the left of the road. The men labored with untiring patience at the earthworks, and by morning built a strong line within two hundred yards of the rebel lines and under fire of musketry and artillery. On the 16th of June the brigade remained in the same camp, strengthening the works and skirmishing, the enemy having in many places a near and fatal range upon us from his principal line of works.

The loss of the brigade was 4 killed and 24 wounded. On the morning of the 17th the enemy evacuated his position, and our skirmishers at 5 o'clock occupied his works, which were found to be heavy and strong. The skirmishers were advanced at once and found the enemy about three ahead toward Marietta. At noon the brigade with the division moved forward in advance, forming in line, with the 85th Indiana as skirmishers, on a wooded ridge beyond a small stream, and well fortified. The brigade was advanced through a very dense wood about half a mile to a large wood, and formed in line between the 2d division on the right and the 1st division on the left, about 400 yards from the enemy's position. Earthworks were at once built under a slight fire from the enemy's artillery. On the 18th of June the brigade remained in the same camp, skirmishing sharply. Our loss was 6 in killed and wounded, our artillery in the meanwhile playing with great activity upon the enemy. The rain was excessive. June 19th the enemy evacuated his position and our skirmishers occupied his works at 4 a. m. The works were found to be very strong with well prepared abatis. Six prisoners were captured. At 10 o'clock the brigade marched in rear of the division. The rain fell in torrents, notwithstanding which the brigade advanced and crossed a branch of Nase's creek after an hour's delay on account of the sudden rise of the water, which carried away the bridges and covered the road. Having crossed this stream we advanced along the road toward Marietta and formed in line of battle on a wooded ridge half a mile to the right of the road and in the rear of the division already formed in two lines in our front. The division advanced three-fourths of a mile, finding the enemy in front and on the right flank. A position was here taken, and the brigade again took the front, building fortifications. During the night it was moved to the left, building outer works on that line, being under orders to connect with the 2d division, but failed to find it before morning. On the 20th the brigade moved again to the front and left and connected with the 2d division, 20th corps, building a new line of works. On the 21st the brigade was relieved by Gen. Kimball's brigade of the 4th corps, and advanced soon after with it, building another line of works half a mile in advance.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF CULP'S FARM.

On the 22d of June the brigade was ordered to march, and did so at 8 a. m. in support of the 3d brigade. It advanced half a mile and found the enemy in front posted on a high ridge, with a strong skirmish line in front. The 3d brigade marched across an open field without resistance. Two regiments of my brigade were ordered to advance through the woods and form on the left. The 22d Wisconsin and 33d Indiana moved forward in line of battle at once. The enemy fell back after a short but sharp resistance, and we took a position on the ridge to the left of the 3d brigade. Very soon we received a severe flank fire on the left. The 4th corps not having advanced with us the left of the 33d Indiana was repulsed at once, and I had the 19th Michigan and 85th Indiana immediately brought up and formed on the left and facing in that direction, except on the extreme left, which faced to the front. During this time the brigade received and gave a fatal fire, which soon repulsed the enemy. I at once requested Gen. Kimball, of the 4th corps, to advance on my left and connect with my line, which was done with great promptness and the enemy checked. At 3 p. m. the enemy charged our line with great vigor, but was repulsed with heavy loss. In the morning my bridge pioneers had reported under division orders to Col. Wood of the 3d brigade, and were with him most of the day. The intrenching tools of the division were all given to the 1st and 2d brigades, but notwithstanding this my men fortified with rails and bayonets, scooping the dirt with their hands and tin-cups until quite a safe work was constructed. At 5 p. m. the brigade was relieved by Gen. Kimball's and Harker's brigades, of the 4th corps. In this battle the 22d Wisconsin and 33d Indiana, by their prompt and bold advance, distinguished themselves and their commanders — Col. Utley and Major Miller. Adjutant Charles H. Porter, of the 33d Indiana, was instantly killed while endeavoring to check the attack on our left. Thus fell in his early manhood a bright, brave, active officer, whose promise was that of a most useful and brilliant career. Capt. Barton, Lieut. Chandler and Lieut. McKinney, of the 33d Indiana, and Lieut. Shaffer, of the 19th

Michigan, were severely wounded during the day.

On being relieved the brigade, in advance of the division, marched two miles to the right, to reinforce a part of Gen. Williams' division of the 20th corps, which had also been severly engaged, the enemy having attacked him soon after our repulse in front. On arriving here the brigade rested four hours, and again advanced to the immediate rear of Knife's brigade. The loss in this engagement of this brigade was 1 officer killed, 4 wounded, 5 privates killed and 53 wounded—in all 63 wounded. The regiments lost as follows: 33d Indiana, 4 officers and 32 men; the 19th Michigan, 1 officer and 10 men; 22d Wisconsin, 12 men; 85th Indiana, 4 men. On the 23d of June the brigade, again in advance of the division, moved to the right at 9 a. m., and moving to the east on the Powder Springs and Marietta road passed Scribner's Female Institute, took position on the left of the road, in front, within musket range of the enemy's works, on the immediate left of Hascall's division of the 23d corps. The brigade was formed in single line and at once put up earthworks. This was at a point three miles west of Marietta. Immediately in the front was the line of the enemy's works, inclosing that town and Kenesaw Mountain, vast in length and made formidable by great labor upon strong natural fortifications. The brigade occupied the camp taken on the 23d up to the evening of the 26th of June in front. On that day it was relieved by the 1st brigade, and encamped a short distance in the rear.

On the 27th of June, along the whole line of the army, the artillery opened upon the enemy. The brigade moved at once. An attack was made on the left by the 14th and 4th corps in great force, but failing of success we did not move. On the 28th of June we remained in the same camp. During this entire time skirmishing was constantly kept up with the enemy who was in close proximity, with considerable loss. In the period covered by this report the brigade did an unparalleled amount of labor, almost daily making lines of works, and this with astonishing alacrity and cheerfulness. In all that constitutes true soldiers, in hard working, hard fighting, long endurance, cheerful bearing and manly promptness, they filled full the measure of the trying hour. In the battle of New Hope Church, in Dallas woods, May 25, of Lost Mountain, June 15, and of Culp's

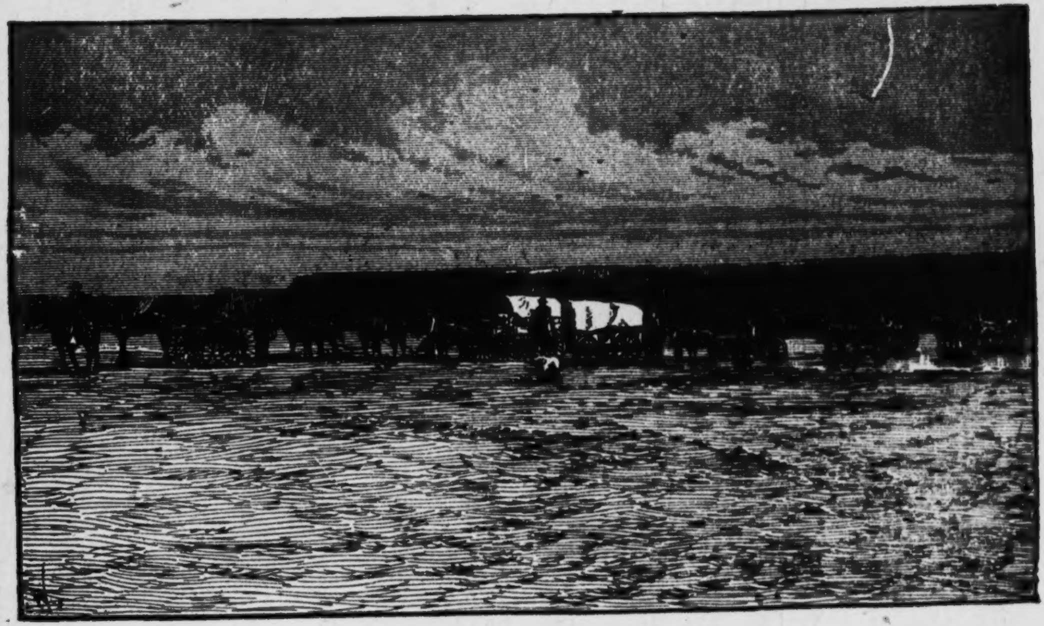
Farm, June 22, officers and men vied with each other in heroic daring. I forwarded herewith reports of regimental commanders and with them the list of killed and wounded. In them will be found more especial mention of worthy deeds of the officers and men of my command. The entire losses during this period were as follows: Four officers killed, 15 officers wounded; 30 men killed, 274 wounded and 7 missing; a total of 330.

CHAPTER VI.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

In this connection I must mention the original colonel of the 19th Michigan volunteer infantry, Col. H. C. Gilbert, who was killed at the battle of Resaca while leading a charge. I remember him as a gray-headed man, but a warrior, every inch of him. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he had the respect and confidence of his officers and men. His death was mourned by all. The boys had presented him with a splendid dun saddle horse, which they captured from a bushwhacker in the Cumberland mountains, and went by the name of "Bushwhacker." The Colonel was shot off him at Resaca. "Bushwacker" went through the campaign to the sea, marched with the boys to Washington City, took a proud part in the grand army parade, was shipped by L. M. Wing, quartermaster of the 19th Michigan, to Coldwater, Mich., and turned over to Col. Gilbert's widow.

Major Anderson entered the regiment as captain of company H, and took command



Camp in Motion Crossing the Cimarron River.

of the regiment at Peach Tree Creek, after the wounding of Major Baker. He saw the old 19th through the war and conducted us home. He endeared himself to us all, and if he is still alive, and his eyes should fall on these lines, I wish him to believe that I remember him gratefully.

Major L. M. Wing and Capt. Dave Eastman were brigade staff officers, the former acting as brigade quartermaster-general, and I remember that they were regarded by the soldiers generally as very efficient officers.

We marched out of Chattanooga in pursuit of Gen. J. E. Johnston's army, full of faith that we could whip the enemy when we caught them. After a couple of weeks of marching and camping we had quite a scrimmage at Buzzard Roost, where the rebels were driven back without much trouble, but a couple of days afterward, on the 15th of May, at Resaca, a serious engagement was fought, in which our regiment, the 19th Michigan, charged the enemy's breastworks, capturing a battery of four guns, called the Belle of Georgia. We lost here our Col. H. C. Gilbert, who was shot from his horse while right up to the breastworks, receiving a mortal wound. He was a brave man, and was worshiped by his men, who would have followed him anywhere he asked them to go. Capt. Collom, company I, a German, was killed outright. Besides these the loss of the regiment in non-commissioned officers and privates was quite severe. In the charge my bunkmate, Hermann F. Dibble, was shot down by my side. We left some of our best men on this bloody field.

Our next fight and victory was at Cassville. I speak of this because that day we marched thirty-five miles, and five of it in line of battle, through the woods. The next place we struck was Kenesaw Mountain. I was on the skirmish line that day and I still thought of that hay-field and the many advantages it posessed over the situation I was then in. My regiment was at the right of the road that leads from Marietta to Atlanta, in the edge of a wood looking out on a field, and we had previously built so many useless lines of breastworks that we wanted to be satisfied we were going to use them before building any more. We had not long to wait before we saw the rebels coming on us *en masse*. We were ordered to move to the right three or four hundred steps. We were told to wait until they came close before firing, and for the front rank to rest on one knee to give the rear rank a chance to shoot. While in this expectant position, and lamenting the absence of breastworks, one of our batteries came up and unlimbered, and the way it poured canister into that mass of rebels was a caution. But it had its desired effect, and the Johnnies had to seek shelter. In the meantime we were not idle, and they didn't get through our line.

The next day was very warm. After burying the dead we moved to the right and camped in the woods. During our stay there being detailed on picket duty I one day swam over the Chattahoochee river, and had a little friendly confab with the rebs. I swapped a rubber blanket for a plug of tobacco. I got from them, also, a copy of an Atlanta paper, which I sent to my father at Coldwater.

Our next fight was at Peach Tree creek. We broke camp, crossed the Chattahoochee river, also Peach Tree creek. We took our station in the corn-field and calculated to have dinner there, but the enemy appearing we were ordered to advance, and move up the hill to get a position near an old cotton-gin. Of the fight that ensued I can only speak for myself and company — and my hands were full to look after them. At many parts of the line there was a hand-to-hand struggle. A shallow gulley in the road afforded us some protection while we were making it hot for the charging rebels. I had piled some rails in front of where I lay, but a shell came and scattered them like chaff. I hugged that ditch mighty close for a few moments. The battle closed about night, with the complete repulse of the rebels. My brother John was in company C, which I knew had been in the thickest of the fight, and I was consequently extremely anxious to know if anything had happened him. Without stopping to eat I commenced the search over the field where our regiment had been engaged. I turned over more than twenty corpses, fearful that each one would prove to be my brother. At last I found a little fellow lying in a ditch unhurt. He told me my brother had been taken back to the hospital with a wound in the head. I went to the division hospital and found him sitting on a log with a wet towl on his head. He was as much worried about me as I had been about him, and his first words were, "Did you get through safe?" His wound did not prove very serious. In this fight we lost our Major Baker. We had previously lost Major Griffith at the battle of Burnt Hickory, after the taking of

Cassville. Besides Major Baker the regiment suffered a severe loss of men in this fight.

While searching for my brother I came across a man on his hands and knees. I pulled him into the moonlight and discovered at once by his beard that he was not my brother. A musket ball had passed from one side of his forehead to the other, tearing a gash through which his brains were oozing. He didn't utter a word nor even a groan. When I let him go he crept back into the brush again. I had no other thought but that he would die, but my brother told me he afterward saw him at Nashville.

I was detailed to bury the dead next day, and found it a hard as well as a sad work. I may add right here that by this time every disagreeable feature connected with that hay-field had disappeared, and it seemed about the most desirable place on earth.

Our next move brought us in sight of Altanta. We built a strong line of works and lay there a couple of weeks. We were under artillery fire for many days. We fell back to the Chattahoochee river, where we lay a couple of weeks and then marched into Atlanta. I was on the skirmish line as we went into the city. I had a good time in Atlanta. We were paid off here, and got a chance to vote for Lincoln for President a second term. The man who came to take votes also got a good deal of money from the boys to carry back to their homes, but he reported he was robbed on the way and the money was never heard of again.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK.

The official reports of Col. John Coburn, commanding our brigade, give so satisfactory an account of the movements of my company before Atlanta that I will give them in order:

HDQRS. 2D BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION, 20TH A. C.,
CAMP IN FRONT OF ATLANTA, GA., June 28, 1864.

CAPT. JOHN SPEED, A. A. G. 3d Div. 20th A. C.:

Captain,—I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the 2d brigade, 3d division, 20th corps, from the 29th of June to this date. On the 29th day of June the brigade was encamped on the Powder Springs road, north side, about three and a half miles west of Marietta, Georgia, behind earth works recently erected by it. Maj.-Gen. Butterfield having leave of absence, Brig.-Gen. Ward assumed command of the division. On the 30th of June the brigade remained in the same camp, the enemy remaining as before, close in front in their works. On the 30th of June the brigade was relieved by the 1st brigade of the division, and moved a short distance to the rear. On the 1st day of July we remained in the same camp, the men washing and cleaning their clothes and arms. On the 2d of July remained in the same camp. On the 3d of July the enemy, at 2 o'clock in the morning, evacuated his position in front, abandoning the lines by which he holds Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta, which our forces at once occupied. The brigade at an early hour moved out with the division on the Marietta road to the intersection of Sand Town road, three-fourths of a mile from Marietta. Here we came under fire of two batteries of the enemy, stationed southeast of us toward the railroad. The first brigade was halted here, and this brigade ordered to advance on the Sand Town road a mile upon a reconnoissance. The enemy was not found upon this road, and a short advance farther brought us to the second division of the 20th corps, who were advancing directly east and at right angles to our direction, and skirmishing in front to our left. The brigade passed the 2d division, and throwing out skirmishers and flankers, advanced some five miles south to a point quite near the enemy's work on the left. Here, they appearing in strong force and opening on us with their artillery, we halted. The brigade was formed in two lines and fortified. The shells of the enemy did but comparatively little harm, wounding but two men in the brigade. This day we took twenty-five prisoners. At 4 o'clock p. m. the brigade was relieved by Morgan's brigade of Davis' division of the 14th corps, and moved to the right of the road, crossing a branch of the Nickajack creek and encamping for the night with the division at a point near seven miles west of south of Marietta. On the 4th of July the brigade moved two and a half miles south and near to Mill Grove, leaving the rebel works to the left, and encamped there for the night, near portions of the 16th and 23d corps.

On the 4th of July the brigade moved southeast, passing through the works of the enemy, which had been evacuated the night before, meeting a portion of the 16th corps, which passed to our right. The brigade crossed Nickajack creek at 2 o'clock p. m., and advanced about two miles and encamped on a high range of hills overlooking the Chattahoochee river with the division and corps. July 6th we moved about two miles to the left and east, and encamped on the same range of hills, the enemy now being in his

115079

last line of works this side of the Chattahoochee river. The brigade remained in this camp until the 17th of July, resting, refitting and preparing for the advance. On the 10th of July the enemy evacuated his position this side of the river in our front. On the 17th the brigade with the division marched eastwardly, passing Vining's Station, on the Chattanooga & Atlanta railroad, and going to the river crossed it at Pace's ferry on two parallel pontoon bridges without resistance, the 14th corps having preceded ours at this point. The brigade, having advanced about three miles, encamped near Nance's creek, a branch of Peach Tree creek, and on the Buckhead road. July 18 the brigade advanced toward Buckhead in line of battle, some two miles. It having been ascertained the 14th corps was already in that place we marched by the flank and encamped near Buckhead for the night on the right of the road with the division. July 19 the brigade remained in the same camp. July 20 the brigade in advance of and with the division moved toward Atlanta, due south, and at 11 a. m. crossed Peach Tree creek with the division at a point bridged by Newton's division of the 14th corps. Our division had orders to fill the interval between Newton's division and Geary's division of the 20th corps, which crossed to our right and below us. The pickets of the enemy occupied the position we were ordered to assume. Two regiments were ordered to advance as skirmishers. My brigade furnished the 22d Wisconsin, under command of Lieut. Col. Bloodgood, who promptly advanced, covering almost the entire front, and leaving but a small space for the 136th New York of the 3d brigade. The skirmishers of the enemy were driven off and pursued for nearly a half mile out of the valley and over a low range of hills to the south, when the skirmishers halted, joining to those of the 4th corps on the left and of Gen. Geary on the right, who also advanced. Peach Tree creek is a narrow, deep and muddy stream, about forty feet in width, and varying from four to twelve feet in depth and impassable except by bridges. The valley is narrow, being about 200 yards wide at our position, level and cleared. The hills gradually rise from it to the south some seventy feet in 400 yards. These slopes in our front were for the most part cleared, and except on the left, where there is a small thick grove of pine, for a great portion of the space. Passing over the first ridge a wooded ravine is reached, and running along its bottom is a small stream flowing toward the west into a branch of Peach Tree creek, and on this there is a mill. Still beyond the ravine to the south rises the ridge higher and entirely cleared, and on its top there is a road running by the Buckhead and Atlanta road westwardly by the mill to the river. Along this road and behind fences on the crest were stationed the advance of our skirmishers, overlooking a field about a third of a mile to the south, and covering our division in front. The division was formed in the valley some 200 yards from the creek, fronting south, the 3d brigade on the left joining the 4th corps, the 2d brigade in the center formed with the 33d and 85th Indiana in front, the former under command of Major Levin T. Miller, and the latter under command of Lieut.-Col. A. B. Crane, the 19th Michigan in the second line, commanded by Major Baker, and the 22d Wisconsin being on the skirmish line in front. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was informed that the enemy was advancing in force in our front. I at once went to Gen. Ward's headquarters and informed him of the fact, and asked leave to advance my brigade to a better position in front. At first Gen. Ward replied that it was against Gen. Hooker's orders and could not be done, but on second thought directed me to advance if the rebels made a charge. On returning I informed Col. Harrison, commanding the 1st brigade, of the facts, and went to the front and ascertained that the enemy were advancing and at once put the brigade in motion, the 33d Indiana on the right, the 85th Indiana on the left and the 19th Michigan in rear of brigade. In advancing we met the skirmishers — 22d Wisconsin — being driven in. Having reached the crest of the first ridge the line halted, as directed before the advance, but seeing the position was eligible, I ordered an advance of the 33d Indiana to the ravine, which was joined by the 85th Indiana and soon followed by the 19th Michigan. Upon examining the field to our left I found that the enemy had driven in the skirmishers in front of the 3d brigade, and were advancing in large numbers on my left flank and pouring in a deadly fire. I at once refused my left, facing two companies of the 33d Indiana to the left, and rode to Col. Wood, in command of the 3d brigade, requesting him to hasten his advance on the left and drive back the enemy. This he did, his brigade gallantly coming up and rescuing my left. On the right the 1st brigade, under Col. Harrison, immediately followed my advance, and, moving somewhat beyond it, poured a galling fire into the enemy across my front. The whole line halted for a short time in the ravine. Here the 22d Wisconsin rallied, and from this place the brigade poured into the enemy, who charged in large numbers down the slope. Soon, the enemy being checked, the whole line, with the wildest ardor, rushed forward to the top of the hill, capturing about 200 prisoners and slaughtering the enemy terribly, so short was the range. The enemy fled, but rallied, and three times renewed the attack before night. The battle was thus continued for four hours. On reaching the crest of the hill a portion of the brigade rushed beyond the road and at once took position, and a portion in the rear, so that at once two lines were formed and almost instantly fortified by rails. The brigade captured 125 prisoners and arms. Here let me testify to the gallant conduct of the two brigades on my right and left, to their promptness and unshaken firmness under the heaviest assaults. The prisoners gave the information that the enemy in our front was Loring's division of Stewart's corps. Their dead numbered there alone 120 men, and their wounded added would swell their loss to 500. Our men were engaged the entire night in carrying off the rebel wounded, and the forenoon of the next day was spent by a large detail in burying the dead. My brigade numbered in the battle 1,263 muskets and 52 officers. To all officers and men are due the honors and gratitude earned by service, valor and enthusiastic devotion to principle, and theirs are the laurels of a victory snatched from the trembling balance of battle which wavered on either hand of our division. The commanders of regiments by their example led their men to a result which could not otherwise have been achieved. Major Baker, commanding the 19th Michigan, was severely wounded, and the command devolved upon Capt. Anderson.

My staff, Capt. A. G. Kellam, inspector, Lieut. F. G. Crawford, A. A. A. G., Lieut. C. A. Booth, provost marshal, and Lieut. H. C. Johnson, topographical engineer, were actively and boldly doing their duty throughout the day. Lieut. Crawford, in a signal manner, aided Col. Crane in managing the 85th Indiana, and Capt. Kellam in every part of the field, by his activity and daring, assisted in accomplishing our success. Lieut. Piney McKnight, commanding pioneers, rendered valuable service in constructing bridges used by other portions of the army. The loss in the brigade in this battle is 7 officers and 33 men killed, 169 men wounded and 7 missing. The total loss since the 28th of June up to the 28th of July in killed, wounded and missing is as follows: One officer and 34 men killed, 8 officers and 188 men wounded and 7 missing; total 238. On the 21st day of July the brigade remained in camp on the battle-field, skirmishing with the enemy in front, who at night evacuated his position and withdrew to Atlanta. On the 22d the brigade advanced to a position two miles north of Atlanta and within range of the artillery of the enemy, and went into camp a short distance to the right of the Buckhead road, upon the left of the 4th and 20th corps. Fortifications were at once made and skirmishers being advanced half a mile to the front. On the 23d the brigade remained in the same camp. On the 24th remained in same place. This day Capt. George L. Scott, company I, 33d Indiana, was killed on picket line while on duty as a brigade officer of the day. He was a brave, active, honorable and most faithful officer. On the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th of July the brigade remained in the same camp, skirmishing in front, building a new line of works, and resting under fire of the enemy's artillery in Atlanta, posted in heavy and formidable works in plain view, the enemy thus holding to this day with dogged tenacity to this, to him, precious but untenable position.

I am, very respectfully,

JOHN COBURN,
Col. 33d Ind., Commanding Brigade.

CHAPTER VIII.

SURRENDER OF ATLANTA.

HDQRS. 2D BRIG., 3D DIV., 20TH A. C.
CAMP IN FRONT OF ATLANTA, GA., June 28, 1864.

CAPT. JOHN SPEED, A. A. G., 3d Div., 20th A. C.:

Captain,—I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the 2d brigade, 3d division, 20th army corps, for the period from the 27th day of July to the 12th day of September, 1864, inclusive: On the 27th day of July, 1864, the brigade, being north of Atlanta was encamped in reserve in rear of the 2d division of the 20th corps, and remained there during the day. On the 28th the brigade was ordered to move to the right and reinforce the 15th corps, and marched at 3 p. m., but before arriving at the battle-field was ordered back, the enemy being repulsed. The 33d Indiana remained in camp under orders as a reserve to the 2d division. On the 29th of July the brigade with the division moved to the extreme right of the army, and encamped on the right of the division in a position refused to the right of the Sand Town road, about six miles west of Atlanta, building works. On the 20th the brigade with the division moved farther to the right half a mile, taking position on the Sand Town road in the center of the division in two lines, making earthworks. July 31st remained in the same camp, Davis' division of the 14th army corps, making a reconnaissance in front to Utoy creek. August 1st remained in the same camp. August 2d the brigade moved with the division to the left about five miles, and near the Chattanooga railroad. August 3d the brigade moved into the works occupied by a portion of Baird's division of the 14th corps, on the Turner's Ferry road, and in front of Atlanta. New works were laid out and commenced at once, 200 yards in front. The work was continued on the 3d and 4th, and on the 5th the new line was occupied. August 6th, 7th and 8th remained in the same camp. August 9th a new line of works about 300 yards in front was laid out and the labor begun. The work was continued on the 10th and 11th of August, as before. On the latter day the brigade moved into the new line of works. The brigade continued in this position up to the 24th day of August, strengthening the works and lying in close proximity to the enemy in front, during most of the time

Public Library of Colorado Springs, Colo.

keeping up a constant skirmish fire. During a few days of the latter part of the time the fire ceased by mutual act of both parties. On the 25th of August the 33d Indiana was ordered to march to Turner's Ferry, on the Chattahoochee river, to assist in the construction of fortifications for a new camp. The regiment marched in the morning at 6 o'clock, and arrived at the ferry at noon, and at once commenced the construction of works. The brigade moved quietly with the 3d brigade of this division at 8 o'clock p. m. of this day toward Turner's Ferry. The pickets were not withdrawn until 2 o'clock in the morning, which was done without observance on the part of the enemy. The brigade arrived at the river about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, and encamped in single line on the south side of the road, near the river — the right resting on the river — strengthening the works begun by the 33d Indiana. These works are in a semi-circular shape and on a ridge near the river. A pontoon was laid out at the ferry in our rear. At 10 o'clock a. m. of August 27th the enemy attacked us in front with artillery and musketry, but were soon repulsed. It was supposed to be a reconnaissance by a brigade of infantry with a section of artillery. Lieut.

Slauter, of the 33d Indiana, was severely wounded. In the afternoon the enemy withdrew, leaving their killed and wounded.

On the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of August and 1st of September the brigade remained in camp, strengthening the works and repairing the roads beyond the river running from the railroad bridge to Sand Town. On the 28th of August Major Higgins, of the 79th Ohio, made a reconnaissance in front with 300 men and found the enemy intrenched at a distance of three miles. After a short skirmish he returned. A portion of my brigade was with him. On the 2d day of September, at 6 a. m., under orders from Brig.-Gen. Ward, I marched on a reconnaissance from Turner's Ferry to find the position of the enemy. Cavalry was found to be in the city, and we advanced cautiously. I was met in the suburbs by Mr. Calhoun, the mayor, with a committee of citizens bearing a flag of truce. He surrendered the city to me, saying he only asked protection for citizens and property. I asked him if the rebel cavalry were in the town. He replied that Ferguson's brigade was there but was on the point of leaving. I replied that my force was then moving into the city and that unless that force retired there would be a fight in which neither person nor property would be safe, and that if necessary I would burn the houses of citizens to dislodge the enemy, that I did not otherwise intend to injure the person or property of citizens unless used against us. I ordered my skirmishers to advance, and they moved through the city, the cavalry rapidly evacuating the place. I at once sent dispatches to Brig.-Gen. Ward, at Turner's Ferry, and to Maj.-Gen. Slocum, at the railroad bridge, of the occupation of the city by my command. Gen. Slocum came at once to the city. Immediately preceding him came a portion of the 20th army corps. Gen. Ward directed a portion of my brigade to move up from Turner's Ferry under command of Lieut.-Col. Bloodgood, of the 22d Wisconsin, which reached Atlanta about sunset, and the remainder under Major Miller the next morning. Soon after Gen. Slocum arrived he directed me to move my command and occupy the works of the enemy on the south side of the city to the right of the Augusta railroad. This was done and Gen. Knife's brigade was posted on the left of the road in single line, deployed at intervals of three paces. Here the brigade remained in camp until this date. Some 200 small arms were found in the city hall and about 16 pieces of artillery abandoned in the works and burnt with a train of cars. The ammunition abandoned had been fired in the night and continued to explode with loud reports after we had entered the city in the forts and among the ruins of the burning shops and buildings where it had been deposited. The works of the enemy were left almost perfect and there seemed to have been no attempt at the destruction of anything but the materials of war. As we passed through the streets many of the citizens ran gladly out to meet us, welcoming us as deliverers from the despotism of the Confederacy. Others regarded us with apprehension and begged to be spared from robbery. I assured them they would be safe from that. Many of the buildings were found to have been much injured by our artillery, but such as are needed for public use can be taken at once with slight repairs. My command on the reconnaissance behaved with remarkable promptness and energy, and deserved to be the first, as they were, of our army to enter the city.

I am, very respectfully,

JOHN COBURN.

Col. 33d Ind., Commanding Brigade.

As a member of the grand old 2d brigade I in common with the other boys of the 19th Michigan felt proud that we were the first to enter the Gate City of the South, and the point for which we had so long been struggling.

Not long after the occupation of the city Gen. Sherman issued an order directing all citizens to leave Atlanta (north or south) within twelve days. In order to allow the inhabitants a chance to leave the city Gen. Sherman proposed an armistice of ten days, which was accepted by Gen. Hood, then encamped near Lovejoy's, in the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
OFFICE CHIEF OF STAFF, September 5, 1864.

MAJ.-GEN. SHERMAN, commanding U. S. forces in Georgia:

General,—Your letter of yesterday's date, borne by James W. Ball and James R. Chen, citizens of Atlanta, is received. You say therein, "I deem it to be to the best interest of the United States that the citizens residing in Atlanta should remove," etc. I do not consider that I have any alternative in the matter. I therefore accept your proposition to declare a truce of ten days, or such time as may be necessary to accomplish the purpose mentioned, and shall render all the assistance in my power to expedite the transportation of citizens in this direction. I suggest that a staff officer be appointed to superintend the removal from the city to Rough and Ready, while I appoint a similar officer to control their removal farther south; that a guard of a hundred men be sent by either party as you propose to maintain order at that place, and that the removal begin next Monday. And now, sir, permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity I protest, believing that you will find you are expelling from their homes and firesides the wives and children of a brave people.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. B. Hood.

But old Uncle Billy is as good at writing as fighting, and gave Gen. Hood the following return shot:

Hdqrs. Mil. Div. of the Mississippi,
In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., September 10, 1864.

Gen. J. B. Hood, commanding Army of the Tennessee, Confederate army:

General,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter at the hands of Messrs. Ball and Chen, consenting to the arrangements I had proposed to facilitate the removal south of the people of Atlanta who prefer to go in that direction. I inclose you a copy of my orders, which I am satisfied accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the message proposed unprecedented, and appeal to the dark history of war for a parallel as an act of studied and ingenious cruelty. It is not unprecedented, for Gen. Johnston himself very wisely and properly removed the families all the way from Dalton, and I see no reason why Atlanta should be excepted. Nor is it necessary to appeal to the dark history of war, when recent and modern examples are so handy. You yourself burned dwelling houses along your parapet, and I have seen to-day fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabitable because they stood in the way of your forts and men. You defended Atlanta on a line so close to the town that every cannon shot and many musket shots from our line of intrenchments that overshot their mark went into the habitations of women and children. Gen. Hardee did the same thing at Jonesboro, and Gen. Johnston did the same last summer at Jackson, Mississippi. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely instanced those cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of "brave people." I say it is a kindness to these families of Atlanta to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and the brave people should scorn to commit their wives and children to the rude barbarians who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the dark pages of its history.

In the name of common sense I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner. You who in the midst of peace and prosperity have plunged a nation into civil war—"dark and cruel war"—who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordnance sergeant, seized and made prisoners of war the very garrison sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians long before any overt act was committed by the "to you" hateful Lincoln government, tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into the rebellion in spite of themselves, falsified the vote of Louisiana, turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships, expelled Union families by the thousand, burned their houses and declared by act of Congress the confiscation of all debts due northern men for goods had and received. Talk thus to the marines, but not to me who have seen those things, and will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born southerners among you. If we must be enemies let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to-day and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge me in good time, and he will pronounce whether it will be more humane to fight with a town full of women and families of a "brave people" at our backs or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-General.

On September 21st, Col. John Coburn's term of service having expired, he was mustered out and took leave of the brigade by issuing the following address:

HDQRS. 2D BRIG., 3D DIV., 20TH A. C.,
ATLANTA, GA., September 20, 1864.

Soldiers of the 2d Brigade,— My term of service has expired and I am about to be separated from you. We have been associated as a brigade almost two years. We have borne in that time all the burdens and endured all the trials and hardships of war together. This especially has made us friends, such friends as only suffering and trials together can make. In that time you have shared an eventful part in the great struggle of the age. In Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia you have nobly illustrated the history of your own states, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. That history cannot be written without a record of your calm patience, disciplined endurance and heroic daring. The bloody and desperate battle of Thompson's Station, and the successful fights at Franklin, Tenn., gave early proof of your valor, while in the past campaign, at Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Golgotha, Culp's Farm, Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta, you have in the front of the fight borne straight onward your victorious banner. At New Hope Church the fury of your onset redeemed the day's disaster. At Peach Tree Creek your charge rivaled the most famous feats of arms in the annals of war, and at Atlanta your ranks were the first to climb the works of the enemy and take possession of that renowned city. The 33d Indiana at Wild Cat fought the first battle and gained the first victory won by the army of the Cumberland, and the united brigades fired the last shot at the flying foe as he fled from his stronghold in Atlanta. But not alone in the stormy and fiery fight have you been tried. You have, by long marches, by Herculean labors upon field works, by cheerful obedience, by watching that knew no surprise, and by toil that knew no rest or weariness, eclipsed the fame of your daring in battle, and placed high above the glitter of victorious armies the steady light of your solid virtues. We have lived together as brethren in a great common cause. We part, our hearts glowing with the same patriotic ardor, and hereafter, when the war is over, we will have no prouder memories than those associated with this brigade. Your comrades in arms are sleeping beneath the clods of the valley from the Ohio to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Richmond. Faithful, patient and brave, they have given to their country and to God whatever martyrs and heroes can give. And, as one by one they fell out from your glorious ranks, they have added new testimony to the sacredness of your cause. My friends and soldiers, farewell. JOHN COBURN,

Col. 33d Ind. Vol., Commanding Brigade.

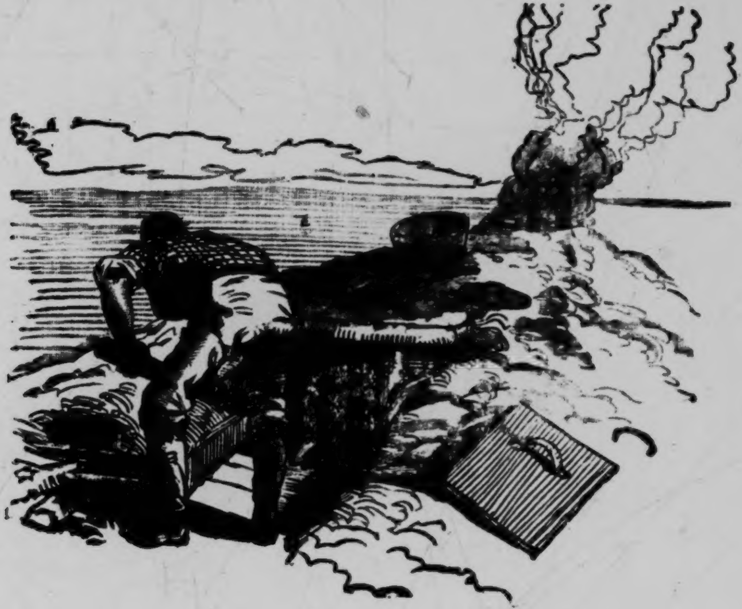
The boys hated to give Col. Coburn up. He had been our brigade commander from the time I enlisted. He was a thorough soldier, and a gentleman under all circumstances. He was always in front when there was any fighting to do. I remember well his riding along the line of battle amid a storm of bullets, and the boys cheered him to the echo. He was always careful not to rush his men into unnecessary danger, so that when he told us to charge we knew there was something important to accomplish, and did our level best. I believe Col. Coburn is remembered affectionately by every member of his command The last I heard of him he still survived, and was living in Indiana.

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH TO THE SEA.

This account of my war experience is merely introductory to the main design of my book, and I consequently abbreviate it as much as possible. Sherman's march to the sea has been written of by hundreds, and it is hardly necessary for me to go into details of what I saw, heard and did during that memorable march. It was, however, a remarkable experience for every man who took part in it. I was still but a boy, being only eighteen years old, and I entered into all the excitements of that grand adventure with all the zest of boyhood, although I had all the sterner duties of the soldier to attend to in the meanwhile. I could write a volume concerning the experiences of that campaign, but this, as I said, is not my design now, and I will content myself with a brief outline of what came under my observation.

We broke camp on the 14th of November, 1864, and leaving the fire-swept city of Atlanta in our rear we turned our faces toward the Atlantic. I was detailed early



THE CAMP OVEN

on the march to act with the foraging party for our company. I got hold of a mule, and in a very short time I was recognized as an expert "bummer," and our mess fared as well as any in the army. The route of our division lay through Stone Mountain, Social Circle, Rutledge and Madison, and from thence on to Milledgeville, which place we reached on the 21st. We laid here two days. The marching was tedious, but a general good humor prevailed among the soldiers, and none of us doubted that we would get through all right. Nothing of stirring interest occurred until we reached Savannah. We camped in the pine forests near Savannah for some time, living on rice and the bluest of beef. The boys were ragged and weather beaten, but in good spirits. We felt that the war was about coming to a close. After capturing Savannah, on New Year's night, 1865, we crossed the Savannah river and camped on Gen. Hardee's plantation. After this events followed each other in rapid succession. The old Confederacy was evidently becoming as ragged as the uniforms of some of our boys. I witnessed the burning of Columbia.

I did not go to Charleston, being engaged when that hotbed of secession was captured in destroying the Augusta railroad. Our method of rendering railroad iron useless was to place the bars on a pile of ties and set fire to it. When red hot we twisted them around trees like bracelets. The burning of Columbia was an awful spectacle. The horrors of war as seen upon the battle-field strewn thick with the bodies of the dead and dying we had in a certain sense become hardened to, but the sight of a whole city full of helpless women and children burned out of their homes on a winter night, and filling the streets with their cries of lamentation, touched every heart that was not dead to all appeals of human sympathy. I was in the city, but had no disposition to exercise my "burning" talents that night. I did all I could to protect the women and children. I must now relate my last experience in actual battle. The engagement is known in history as the battle of Averysboro. I was absent from the column when the fight began at a mill getting meal ground for the company. The rebels cut the dam and drowned us out. We ran to our horses, and when we got to them the water was three feet deep where they were tied in the timber. We mounted and started back to where the column was. Some rebels lying in ambuscade on a little creek we had to cross fired on us. My horse was shot through the shoulders and fell on me. I received severe injuries, from which I have not yet recovered. I managed to regain my feet, fired a couple of shots in the direction from which the firing had come, and then made my way to the creek, and was lucky enough to find a riderless mule, which I made haste to mount, and with the mule and two sacks of meal I found my way to the column, which was lying behind a hastily-built line of breastworks.

The next place we struck was Goldsboro, the rebels having fallen back. We remained here in camp a long time. The army then moved to Raleigh, North Carolina, where it remained until the surrender of Johnston. At Raleigh we met our old company commander, George Shoffer, then promoted to be colonel of the 28th Michigan infantry. He was glad to see his old company.

After the surrender there seemed to be a chance for us to go home, and there was general rejoicing throughout the army. Then followed the long and tedious march to Richmond.

As western soldiers we felt a curiosity to view the scenes of the exploits of our eastern brothers, of which we had seen such flaming accounts in the papers. The fortifications about Richmond showed clearly what a difficult work the army of the Potomac had to perform in their capture. We camped near the scene of Sheridan's great fight at Five Forks. The evidences of the terrible struggle which had been carried on for four years in Virginia were visible on every side. In many forests through which we passed the trees were sticking full of musket balls, of cannon shot and of shell. We rode over one battle-field where it was said Hancock's corps had met the rebels, and the dead in large numbers, both Union and Confederate, yet lay unburied on the ground. The stench was horrible. I rode over the field in company with our regimental surgeon, Dr. Trobridge. We marched on to Washington City, where the grand military parade which has been too often described to need more than mention took place.

The review exceeded every one that the army had previously participated in. The moving sea of humanity, the magnificent condition of the troops, and the glittering paraphernalia of war, prancing steeds gaily caparisoned, loud-swelling music bursting in harmonious strains from superb bands, the flaunting of battle-scarred colors, all formed a kaleidoscopic picture which words cannot paint. The chief point of interest, aside from the mass of soldiery, was the reviewing officers, among whom stood President Johnson, the invincible Grant, the bold Sherman, the daring Logan and other officers both state and military, of no little distinction. This was the crowning review of Gen. Sherman's army.

After the review we camped back of Fort Lincoln and drew new clothing. Camp life here was very pleasant. The time of our regiment, the 19th Michigan, having expired, the original members were ordered home to be mustered out; but I, in company with 63 others, who were recruited later, were transferred for service in the 10th regiment of veteran volunteer infantry. We understood from the papers that we were to go to Mexico to fight Maximilian. This turn of affairs had a tendency to make us homesick. The transfer was made. The 10th regiment was ordered to Louisville, and took the cars for Parkersburg and there embarked on boats and changed at Buffer's Island (the point at which Morgan crossed in beginning his raid) to larger boats, which landed us in Louisville. We were pleasantly situated in Louisville, and spent our 4th of July there. I was discharged from military service the 1st day of August, 1865. When we got to Jackson, Mich., I saw there would be some days' delay over our disbandment, and remembering the ten days' furlough my recruiting officer had promised, and which I did not get, I went to our old colonel and told him I thought it was a good time to work it in, as my parents only lived a short distance away.

I went home that very day, and found everything pretty much as I had left it. Of course father and mother and all were glad to see me, and to be once more at the old homestead was a pleasure as great as any I have ever felt. I also found brother John at home, he having previously been mustered out. I returned to Jackson and got my discharge. The state gave us a public reception which was very grand and imposing. Every one seemed desirous to do honor to the soldiers who had endured so much to maintain the Union. Thus closed my career as a soldier for Uncle Sam. I have served the old gentleman for many years since, but in a different capacity, as you will learn from the further pages of this book.

CHAPTER X.

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

Just after the battle of Dallas Woods, as Walter C., of company K, was upon the skirmish line, he asked a rebel picket who was at some distance from him, "What gun is that you are shooting with?"

"Enfield rifle," was the reply.

"Where did you get it?"

"At Chickamauga," he replied, and then asked, "What gun is that you are shooting with?"

"The Mississippi rifle," replied Walter.

"Where did you get it?" continued Johnnie.

"At Resaca," was the reply.

Thus closed the controversy, and they again resumed hostilities by firing at each other. The anecdote will be better appreciated when it is known that the rebels were defeated at Dallas Woods, and Federals at Chickamauga.

When the Chattahoochee river divided the Federal army from the Confederates hostilities apparently had closed, and the "boys" of both armies who were on the skirmish line became quite friendly. Frequently some of the Federals would swim the river, and agreeably to the custom exchange coffee, sugar, etc., for tobacco. A Johnnie asked a Yank, "Who commands the army on the north side of the river?"

"Gen. Sherman," the Yank replied.

"He commands our army too," continued the Johnnie. "Every time he commands his army forward we fall back."

During the terrible conflict at Peach Tree creek both armies became so desperate and determined that the men were sometimes engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict. This was the case in that part of the line filled by the 2d brigade, 3d division, 20th army corps.

Sherman's army will not soon forget what occurred on the 20th, 22d and 28th days of July, 1864, near Atlanta — the fierceness and determination with which Hood fought to hold the city. But there is one incident connected with these engagements which has perhaps been forgotten, but is worth preservation that future generations may know the nature of Gen. Hood, his fondness for fighting, etc. He was also sanguine, and it is said he was unusually so at Peach Tree creek. His defeat made him desperate, and upon his return to the city of Atlanta he summoned a number of his officers together for counsel. A fair supply of whisky was at hand, and after they had partaken of it freely the General became quite hilarious, forgetting to some extent, doubtless, the disaster of his army on the 20th. He remarked, "Well, comrades, we did excellent fighting in the center of Sherman's army; let us try again on the left." Orders were at once issued to this effect, and on the 22d another fight was had, more disastrous, if possible, than the first. Again a counsel was had, and after he had come under the influence of whisky he remarked, "We held our own excellently on the 22d; we must try Sherman on the right on the 28th." And so he did, but the result! The plans and arrangements of midnight revels culminated in a greater sacrifice of life to the rebel army than any three contested battles during the Atlanta campaign.

After the occupation of Atlanta an order was promulgated directing all citizens to leave Atlanta (north or south) in twelve days. On the day it was issued a gentleman entered Sherman's office and inquired for Gen. Sherman. The latter answered very promptly, "I am General Sherman." The colloquy was as follows:

Citizen.—"General, I am a northern man from the state of Connecticut; I have been living at Atlanta nearly seven years; have accumulated property here, and as I see you have ordered all citizens to leave within twelve days I came to see if you would not make an exception in my case. I fear, if I leave my property will be destroyed."

Gen. Sherman. — "What kind of property do you own?"

C. — "I own a block of stores, three buildings, a plantation two miles out of town, and a foundry."

S.— "Foundry, eh! What have you been doing with your foundry?"

C. — "Have been making castings."

S. — "What kind of castings? Shot, shell, and all that kind of thing?"

C. — "Yes, I've made some shot and shell."

S. — "You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you? and you still claim favor on account of being a northern man! Yes, sir; I will make an exception in your case. You shall go south tomorrow morning at sunrise. Adjutant, see that this order is carried out. Orderly, show this man to the door."

C. — "But, General, can't I go north?"

S.—"No, sir; too many of your class there already, sir."

The following letter written by Sherman to a southern minister is characteristic of its author, and is an interesting sketch of one of the many pleasing episodes of the war. How very agreeable it must have been to a rebel minister, one clothed with the authority of the church and defending the most unholy cause! Imagine you see him read the missive.

ATLANTA, GA., September 16, 1864.

REV. ——, Confederate army:

Dear Sir, — Your letter of September 14 is received. I approach a question involving a title to a horse with deference for the laws of war. That mysterious code, of which we talk so much but know so little, is remarkably silent on the "horse." He is a beast so tempting to the soldier — to him of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery or the patient infantry — that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined beast than in paying a million of greenbacks; so that I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great board of claims in Washington, that may reach your case by the time your grandchild becomes a great-grandfather. Privately I think it was a

shabby thing in that scamp of the 31st Missouri who took your horse, and his colonel or brigadier should have restored him. But I cannot undertake to make good the sins of omission of my own colonels and brigadiers, much less those of a former generation. When this cruel war is over and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure out of Uncle Sam's corrals a beast that will replace the one taken from you so wrongfully, but now it is impossible. We have a big journey before us, and need all we have and I fear more, too. So look out when the Yanks are about, and hide your beasts, for my experience is that old soldiers are very careless in a search for a title. I know that Gen. Hardee will confirm this, my advice. With great respect,
Yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN.
Maj.-Gen. Comdg.

After the march to the sea had been commenced there was great rejoicing in the higher circles of the Confederacy, and the southern papers contained the following proclamations to the citizens of the state of Georgia:

To the people of Georgia: Arise for the defense of your native soil. Rally around you patriotic governor and gallant soldiers.

Obstruct and destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst. Be confident, be resolute! Trust in an overruling providence, and success will soon crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defense of your homes and firesides.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

RICHMOND, November 18, 1864.

To the people of Georgia: You have now the best opportunity ever presented to destroy the enemy. Put everything at the disposal of our generals, remove all provisions from the path of the invader, and put all obstructions in his path. Every citizen with his gun and every negro with his spade and ax can do the work of a soldier. You can destroy the enemy by retarding his march. Georgians, be firm, act promptly, and fear not. I most cordially approve the above.

JAMES A. SEDDEN,
Secretary of War.

On the night of the 11th of November the torch was applied to some of the houses in the city of Atlanta, but not until the 15th was the order given for the destruction of the public buildings, foundries, railroad buildings and barracks. Eager watchers in camp began to think that the last days of the Gate

City had come. Although the order was confined strictly to the public buildings, yet some of the men would slyly set fire to other buildings.

The troops left Madison on the morning of the 20th and moved south toward Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, via Eatontown. Dustin's brigade was deployed as guard — four men to the wagon — along the wagon train. The roads were in a bad condition and it was with much difficulty that the wagons could be moved forward. We arrived at Milledgeville on the morning of the 23d, after having marched all night. Gov. Brown, after vainly urging the legislators to seize muskets and defend their homes, fled to Macon in time to escape capture. While in camp here there were a great many who were preparing for another advance, while there were soldiers who had nothing but sightseeing to employ them, and they pursued their investigations to the uttermost recesses of the town. The state library, consisting of several thousand volumes, was ransacked by the soldiers of literary tastes and cartloads of books were taken away; also, the governor's room, the offices of secretary of state, treasurer, attorney-general and other functionaries were rummaged. Some of the boys, in their investigation of the rooms of the state house, found in one of them a dozen reams or more of printed notes of all denominations, running all the way from 25 cents to $20, none of them signed. Large quantities of this money afterward circulated in the lower strata of Georgia society for subsistence.

While here a number of officers of the 20th corps as loyal citizens of Georgia, met in the state house to reconstruct said state. The meeting was called to order and Col. Robinson, of the 82d Ohio, was called to the chair. The meeting appointed a committee on Federal relations, and while they were preparing resolutions suitable for the occasion some spicy debates took place between the members present in regard to the best way the citizens of Georgia should in future conduct themselves. The committee reported the following resolutions: 1. That the ordinance of secession was highly indiscreet and injudicious, and ought to be discouraged. 2. That the aforesaid ordinance is a "damn farce," and always was. 3. That aforesaid ordinance ought to be repealed and abrogated. 4. That Sherman's column will play the devil with the ordinance and with the state itself.

Gen. Lee having surrendered his army made further resistance on the part of Joe Johnston useless; and without further resistance of importance, terms of surrender were agreed upon between him and Gen. Sherman. Loud shouts were sent heavenward almost simultaneously when the terms of peace were finally consummated and promulgated to the army. But amid all this joy of a nation's overflowing heart came the terrible news of the assassination of President Lincoln. The loss of this great and good man was keenly felt by Sherman's army, and it was with much difficulty some of the men could be held in subjection — kept from destroying the city. Fortunately the excitement subsided without any action of that kind.

May 1st, 1865, Sherman's army, after having been sufficiently supplied with clothing, took up its march homeward bound. The rebellion having been crushed and the rebel troops sent to their homes, a very stringent order was issued prohibiting the "boys" from foraging off the country. Before commencing the march Sherman issued an order to the troops to the effect that the marching should not exceed fifteen miles a day. The order was shamefully disregarded by the commanding officers of the 14th and 20th corps. The commander of each corps, wishing to get into Richmond first, transcended the authority of Gen. Sherman as promulgated to his army before the march began. Their brief authority so intoxicated them that they became ambitious, vain fools upon this march. On they pushed the march; faster and faster each corps moved along. Many a poor soldier, weary and foot-sore, fell exhausted under the fierce rays of a noonday sun. The soldiers were treated like abject slaves, and like dogs were left to lie by the roadside. On one occasion Dustin's brigade marched twenty miles in less than half a day. The war over, and such cruelty! Every one of the boys of Sherman's army will never forget the last days of that famous march. They will ever regard the uncalled-for hard marches on that occasion as the unkindest cut of all during the war.

May 9th Dustin's brigade went into camp near Richmond, Va., after having traveled 170 miles. May 11th the troops took up the line of march to Washington City. While upon this march the troops passed over the memorable battle-fields of Chickahominy, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Chancellorsville, in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, crossed Bull Run and made a halt at Alexandria, Va. The troops remained here but a short time, when they crossed the Potomac on the Long Bridge and took part in the great review of Sherman's army.

CHAPTER XI.

FAREWELL ADDRESSES.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HDQRS. MIL. DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1865.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER NO. 76:

The General announces to the army of Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some of you will be detained in service until further orders; and now that we are about to separate — to mingle with the civil world — it becomes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the situation of national affairs when but a little more than a year ago we were gathered about the towering cliffs of Lookout Mountain, and the future wrapped in doubt and uncertainty. Three armies had come from distant fields with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause — the union of our country and the perpetuation of the government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with Rock Face Mountain, Buzzard Roost Gap, with the ugly forts of Dalton behind. We were earnest and paused not for difficulty and danger, but dashed through Snake Creek Gap and fell on Resaca; then on to Etowah, to Dallas, Kenesaw, and the heat of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee, far from home, and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again we were not to be held back by any obstacle, but crossed over and fought four hard battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. This was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future; but we solved the problem and destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the state of Georgia, severed all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah. Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons we again began a march which for peril, labor and results will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the high hills and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers, were all passed in midwinter in the face of an accumulating enemy, and after the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville we once more came out of the wilderness to meet our friends at Goldsboro. Even there we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, and again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond, until we met our enemy suing for peace instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country. As long as that enemy was defiant, no mountains, nor swamps, nor rivers, nor hunger, nor cold had checked us; but when he who had fought us hard and persistently offered submission, your General thought it wrong to pursue them farther, and negotiations followed, as you all know, in his surrender. How far the operations have contributed to the final overthrow of the Confederacy and the peace which now dawns upon us must be judged by others, not by us; but that you have done all that men could do has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because the war is over and our government stands vindicated before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies of the United States. To such as remain in the military service your General need only remind you that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home he will only say that our favored country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil and productions, that every man may find a home and occupation suitable to his taste, and none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventure abroad; but do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to disappointment and death.

Your General now bids you farewell, with the full belief that as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will be good citizens, and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, "Sherman's army" will be the first to buckle on the old armor and come forth to defend and maintain the government of our inheritance and choice.

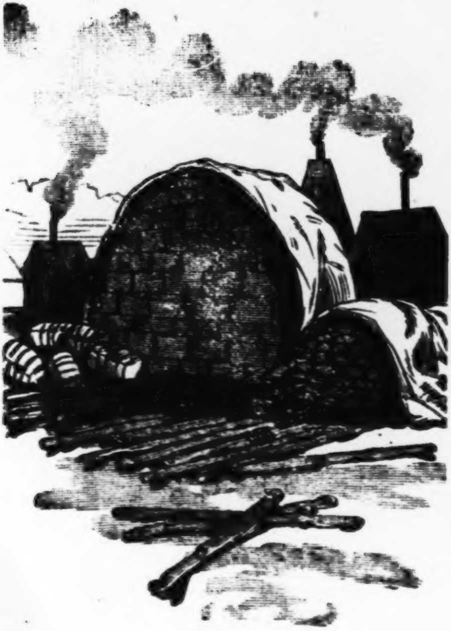
W. T. SHERMAN, *Maj.-Gen.*

GEN. DUSTIN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HDQRS. 2D BRIG., 3D DIV., 20TH A. C.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6, 1865.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 2D BRIGADE:

My own regiment, the 105th Illinois volunteers, having been mustered out of the service, my connection with this brigade is necessarily dissolved. My grateful acknowledgments are due you for the uniform kindness and respect that have been extended to me during the time I have had the honor to



ARMY FORAGE PILE.

be your commanding officer. All honor to the 2d brigade for the gallant and noble manner in which it has sustained its position in that magnificent line of battle that has ultimately closed in, surrounded, fought, conquered and destroyed the great rebellion. As you have in an especial manner so bravely withstood the hardships and dangers of a long and bloody war, so you will be the sharers in an eminent degree of the glorious results consequent upon the brilliant and sublime combination of victories with which the terrible conflict has been brought to a close. It is with proud satisfaction you may exclaim, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for our eyes have seen the salvation of our country." With expressions of profound sorrow for the fate of your brave comrades who have fallen, my kindest feelings of respect and esteem will go with those of you who are about to return to your homes, and will also linger with those who may remain in the service. God bless you all and crown your future with that full measure of peace, prosperity and happiness which you so richly deserve.

DANIEL DUSTIN.
Brt. Brig.-Gen.

GEN. SLOCUM'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HDQRS. ARMY OF GEORGIA,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER No. 15:

With the separation of the troops composing this army, in compliance with recent orders, the organization known as the Army of Northern Georgia will virtually cease to exist. Many of you will at once return to your homes. No one now serving as a volunteer will probably be detained in service against his will much longer. All will soon be permitted to return and receive the rewards due them as the gallant defenders of their country. While I cannot repress a feeling of sadness in parting with you, I congratulate you upon the grand results achieved by your valor, fidelity and patriotism. No generation has done more for the permanent establishment of a just and liberal form of government — more for the honor of their nation — than has been done during the past four years by the armies of the United States and the patriotic people at home, who have poured out their wealth in support of these armies with a liberality never before witnessed in any country. Do not forget the parting advice of that great chieftain who led you through your recent brilliant campaigns: "As in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace be good citizens." Should you ever desire to resume the honorable profession you are about to leave, do not forget that this profession is honorable only when followed in obedience to the orders of the constituted authority of your government. With feelings of deep gratitude to each and all of you for your uniformly soldierly conduct, for the patience and fortitude with which you have borne all the hardships it has been necessary to impose upon you, and for the unflinching resolution with which you have sustained the holy cause in which you have been engaged I bid you farewell.

W. H. Slocum, *Maj.-Gen.*

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER THE WAR—OFF TO KANSAS.

The war was now over. I found myself at home again, only twenty years old, it is true, but with an experience that falls to the lot of few men. While on battlefields and while undergoing the hardships of fatiguing marches my mind had often turned longingly toward home, and I thought that if there I could remain contented always. But I soon found that the old farm life, instead of losing any of its disagreeable features, had become more irksome than ever. The old hay-field, which seemed so inviting to me away down in Dixie, now resumed its forbidding aspect. Still I remained at home for some time and attended school during the winter after my return from the army. In the following spring I went to Saginaw and worked as sawyer in a mill. The hands were a jolly set of fellows and we managed to enjoy life in pretty fair style. I remained at Saginaw during the spring, summer, and fall, when I returned home. My father had concluded to emigrate to Kansas. This fell in with my views. By this time I had begun to consider how I should provide for myself in life, and as land was high in Michigan my eyes turned to the boundless prairies of Kansas. My willingness to leave Michigan was increased by the terrible misfortune of losing my mother, who died, leaving my father a widower and eight of us motherless. She had always been a tender and careful parent, and I mourn her to-day as the best friend I ever had.

There had always been perfect harmony between mother and father. He was boss outside and made the children toe the mark, but in all matters connected with the management of the house she was supreme, and her slightest wish was heeded. Whatever supplies of provisions for the family or clothing for the children were needed she only had to indicate our wants and they were provided without dispute or debate. To their credit as a married couple be it said I never heard a quarrel of any description between them. I am not stuck on the woman's rights business, but I do believe the wife ought to have an equal say so with the husband in all matters connected with the management of the household.

In the year 1867 my father moved to

Platte county, Mo., near Parkville. The winter of 1867-68 I spent in putting up cordwood on the banks of the Missouri river to sell to steamboats. There was money to be made in the business, for cottonwood sold at $8 per cord. The prospects in Kansas appearing more inviting than those Missouri offered, in the spring of 1868 we moved to Kansas. We traveled up the Lawrence road from Wyandotte to Lawrence. There we met the land agent for the Kansas Pacific Railroad, who informed us we could get all the government land we wanted close to Topeka — there being little or no settlement upon the high lands. It being in the spring of the year the country impressed us as very beautiful. On our way we met families after families returning to Missouri, Indiana and Illinois who had become discouraged with the prospect. They informed us that there was no tall grass west of Fort Riley and Junction City. Junction City at this time was a small place, being only three miles from Fort Riley. The town did a flourishing business, as it continues to do to this day. Fort Riley is built of rocks and is the finest post in the Southwest. It is situated at the junction of the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers, and is claimed to be the geographical center of the whole United States. There has been erected a monument to that effect. Both my father and myself were pleased with the place and the country around, but our minds were made up to see Minneapolis, on the Solomon river, therefore we did not remain at Fort Riley. On our way to Minneapolis we met a battalion of cavalry coming in from their Indian campaign, which had been an eventful one, as history shows. The officer of the battalion informed us that the Indians were very bad, and that they would take our stock even if they spared our scalps, which was not pleasant news to us tenderfeet. We passed through the town of Abilene on our way, which had a few houses and a blacksmith shop, a hotel, and a small yard for shipping cattle. In the spring of 1869 the McCoy brothers opened up a trail from there to Texas. They had a contract with the drovers to receive $3 per car, and $5 per car from the Kansas Pacific railroad for all through cattle shipped over the road. Out of this contract the McCoy brothers made $265,000 in one year. The drive between Abilene and Texas was about 1,200 miles. At this juncture the Illinois legislature was in session, and passed a bill forbidding the shipment of cattle into that state. This state of affairs was ruinous to the McCoy's business, and they were soon in the halls of the Illinois legislature, where their names became familiar to the newspaper-reading world. It is charged that they spent the greater part of the $265,000 where they thought it would do the most good, but at the end of the session they found themselves nearly out of money and the embargo still there. This incident may throw some light on the perplexing problem how members of the Illinois legislature manage to subsist on the meager salary they receive. As Oscar Wilde would say, the McCoy brothers proved "too utterly too."

At this time there lived upon the banks of the Muddy, Tim Hersey, who was one of the first settlers. To see Abilene to-day one could scarcely believe that the streets at that time were full of bearded men, wearing sombreros, who had come over a 1,200 mile trail through a country filled with hostile Indians, from Texas, there being no settlements along the entire route. The Indians in those days were on the warpath most of the time. They would demand cattle, which, if not given, they would take by force, together with horses. There are a few of the drovers and cowboys of that time living to-day: James and Gid Rowden, the Day brothers, Wm. Lockridge, and the Johnson brothers. They are still interested in the cattle business in different parts of the country. Neither the cattle nor the cowboys of that day can be compared to their representatives of the present, for it is safe to say that the cowboys of to-day would not get through with the mess wagon and the stake ropes.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT DELPHOS ON THE BANKS OF THE SOLOMON RIVER.

A word of our trip to Minneapolis may prove interesting to those who have taken note of the rapid changes in Kansas. The general aspect of the country was so pleasing to me, and the free, off-handed ways of the people I liked so well, that I was fully captivated before I reached the projected point of our journey. I felt willing to settle at any point on the route. The next town we passed through was Solomon City. Like Abilene, it was a small trading post and was situated at the mouth of the Solomon river. The salt well at the junction of the Smoky Hill and Solomon rivers was being operated. The salt works there to-day are the most extensive in the Southwest, the evaporating pans covering some twelve acres of ground. The process of evaporation is carried on by the natural agents, the sun and the wind.

At the time of our arrival at Minneapolis we found four houses and a dug-out, consisting of Dr. McHenry's drug store, Judge

Smith's store; Markley's house and the dug out. On inquiring we found there were plenty of river claims to be had at Delphos postoffice, some thirteen miles distant. We went there and located claims. There were three families who had built a stockade to protect themselves from the Indians, who at the time were very warlike and desperate. Stationed three miles up this river was a camp of state militia, consisting of only ten men. There were but three families of settlers west of this point — the Reese brothers. We built our cabins, dug wells, and did the necessary breaking of land, but I sold out my claim before I proved it up. Leaving home on the Solomon river I went first to Abilene and there joined an outfit to look for cattle in the southern part of Kansas and the Indian territory. At that date the settlements in the southern part of Kansas were sparse. There were a few settlers on the streams. We traveled the Chisholm trail, but in the meanwhile scouring the surrounding country for cattle. I stopped at Fort Sill. While there I learned of a deal on the part of Philander Buckley, beef contractor for the Kiowa and Comanche Indians, which I deem of sufficient importance to make note of. Buckley had brought in a herd of cattle to turn over to the Indian agent, Laurie Tatum, the first Quaker agent among the Kiowas and Comanches. Presuming on the innocence of this disciple of William Penn, Buckley played a little trick which magnified one herd of cattle into two, causing a long-suffering government to pay for two head of cattle where it only received one. This little piece of legerdemain was cleverly managed. Buckley had the cattle rounded up close to a large hill and had men stationed at different points with directions to keep the cattle moving constantly around the hill, and by this means induced the agent to count the same cattle twice, and I think they would have been counted a third time if night had not come on. The officers present were Capt. Walsh and Gen. Grierson. This incident serves to illustrate the general condition of the country at that time. There was a bold and shrewd class of men around, who were bent on making money and most always succeeded, but, I believe, too frequently by methods resorted to by the ingenious Buckley.

After acquiring a very valuable experience in the cattle business in the Indian country I returned to my claim on the Solomon.

In the winter of 1869 I came with a herd of cattle, which we wintered in the vicinity of the present site of Halstead, on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad. We turned the cattle loose and returned to Abilene. During our absence the city marshal, Tom Smith, had met with a fatal accident, by having his head chopped off by a couple of homesteaders whom he had gone to arrest. Life in Kansas in those days was in every respect lively. Adventurous spirits from all parts of the country flocked into the state that seemed to be the land of promise. Still the idea was very prevalent that the climate was too dry to permit the greater part of the uplands from being utilized for agricultural purposes.

When we first came to the state we met many wagons returning. The men gave a dismal report of the long grass all being played out, and that the land would raise nothing, and so they were going back to their old homes, some in one state and some in another. Most of these belonged to a class of restless and rather shiftless movers, who travel backward and forward over the country, never stopping long enough in one place to take root. But undoubtedly the early Kansas settler met with an abundance of discouragements which required great nerve and resolution to overcome. During my trip to Fort Sill in search of cattle, before spoken of, and afterward, I passed through the present flourishing county of Sedgwick, and that most ambitious and wide-awake of Kansas towns, Wichita. From the beginning Wichita had a marked individuality, which made her noted even in her infancy. The plat of the original town of Wichita was surveyed in 1868. "The Buckhorn tavern," run by Henry Vigus, was the scene of much border revelry. Many of the now solid men of the city then got their start. Those who bought property in those early days and held on to any considerable portion of it are now rich, without any exertion on their part, but from the rapid increase in the value of real estate.

William Mathewson, now one of the wealthiest men in the place, with a great deal of property in the best portions of the city, was an old timer. He had freighted through Wichita as early as 1860. He crossed the Arkansas river with his wife in 1865, and some claim she was the first white woman who ever crossed that stream.

In 1872 Wichita became the principal headquarters in Kansas of the Texas cattle business. It was here that the great herds from Texas centered. Two million dollars changed hands in the cattle traffic at Wichita that year. Three hundred and fifty thousand head of Texas cattle were driven into Sedgwick county that year. At this time Wichita was the livliest town between the two seas. Large sign boards were posted up at the four conspicuous entrances into town bearing this device, "Everything goes in Wichita. Leave your revolvers at police headquarters and get a check. Carrying concealed weapons strictly forbidden." Wichita is now a city of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, and contains as orderly a population as any in the state. But anecdotes of these stirring old cowboy days are still current, and are among the first things the stranger hears. I personally knew most of the original settlers of Wichita, and number many of them among my friends.

It was in the fall of 1863 that the Indians had captured Mrs. Morgan and shot her husband while he was husking corn in the field. He did not die of the wound, but was able to leave the house during the winter. Mrs. Morgan was recaptured the next spring by Gen. Custer from the Cheyennes, at the west end of the Wichita mountains, in the Indian territory. There was a jolly set of bachelors living in the neighborhood. We formed a company and went on a buffalo hunt for our winter's meat. Our party consisted of myself, George my younger brother, Karnes and his brother, a man by the name of Skinner and his son, and their teams. We found buffalo about sixty miles from home.

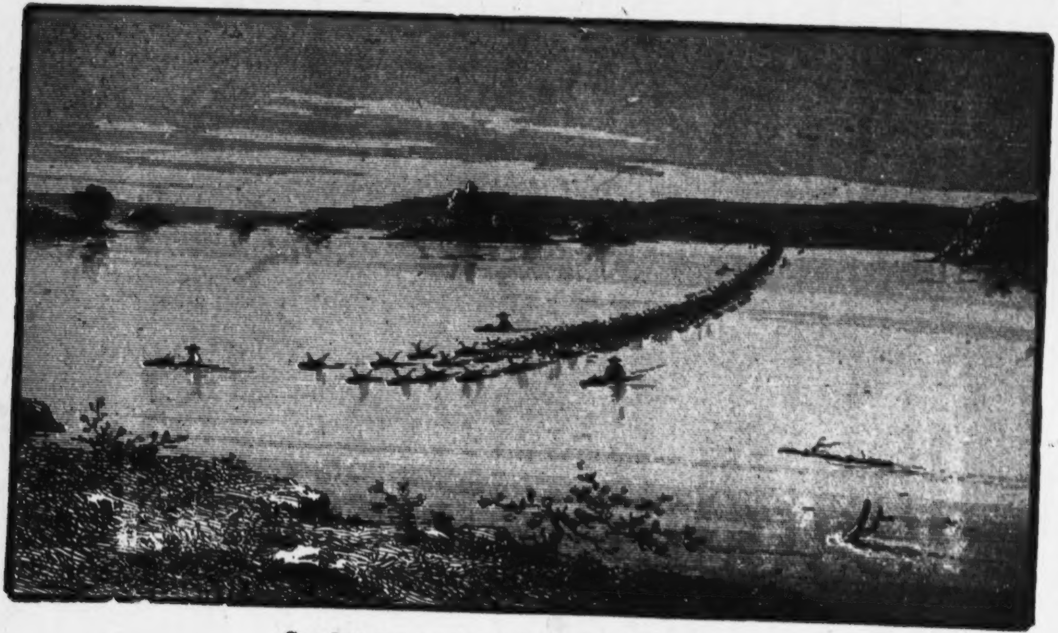
On the third day out we pitched our camp, and on the fourth we commenced the slaughter. The buffalo were very wild and we only killed four the first day. George Karnes mounted one of his horses and ran on to the herd. He passed near where Skinner was stationed, who was watching another herd. Skinner seeing a man on horseback bareheaded took Karnes for an Indian and shot him off his horse. He was not a little shocked when he found it was Karnes and not an Indian he had shot. Karnes fell to the ground and his horse ran into camp, about one and a half miles distant. Skinner remained with Karnes and tried to carry him into camp. He was shot in the neck, and the ball lodged near the spinal column. I was close to camp and saw the horse come in. I at once got upon him and commenced to search for his rider. I had nearly reached the spot where he fell when I met Skinner, who told me what had happened. We put Karnes upon the horse and brought him into camp. That night I took my team and drove all night and reached home about noon. There we changed teams and drove on to Minneapolis, where the ball was cut out of Karnes' neck by Dr. McHenry. After a time he recovered, and I think is living to-day. Karnes' father had been killed by the Indians the year before, whose sad fate nearly caused the death of his aged mother.

CHAPTER XIV.

SKIRMISH WITH INDIANS.

The next spring Karnes, McDowell and myself went to look for horses up the Solomon river. McDowell was in the lead. We saw him dismount and lead his horse down the hill. He motioned us to come to him, which we did as quietly as possible. He told us there were four Indians sitting around a fire just over the hill. They were cooking some meat. Karnes wanted to kill them. So it was agreed that we should all creep upon them, and that one should count one, two, three, when all should fire. But before the word was given one of the guns went off accidently, which caused the others to fire. The result was that neither of us killed an Indian.

We were obliged to return home, not having found any horses. The Indians had driven them off. During the summer I herded cattle on Pipe creek for Sherman & Wells. In the fall I went to the big bend of the Missouri river, above Council Bluffs, with a large herd of cattle. I remained with the herd until late in the winter and then returned to Abilene, where I remained until spring. From Abilene I went to Salina and herded cattle until about the 1st of August, 1871. About the 18th of August I, in company with five others, left our homes on the Solomon river to kill buffalo for their tallow, for which the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company was paying fifteen cents a pound to use on their trains as grease. We traveled up the Solomon river to Oak creek, and camped near the present town of Cawker City. Here we killed some deer. There were plenty of buffalo in the country, but they were all in motion. Some of them came near running off our stock. Bill McDowell and I both thought at the time that there were Indians in the vicinity on account of the restlessness of the buffalo. We were compelled to sit up late at night shooting into the herd of buffalo in order to keep them from stampeding our stock. It was an immense herd. The earth shook under their tread, and the noise was heard like the roar of distant thunder for miles. Some idea of their number may be gathered from the fact that they were four hours passing our camp, and there was no telling how wide the column was. Before dark we could see buffalo in every direction as far as the eye could reach. The next morning we went south to look for the buffalo on the north fork of the Solomon, traveling about fifteen miles. When we got there we noticed moccasin tracks in the sand along the river, where the Indians had dismounted to get water We found a convenient place close to the river to camp and suitable for rendering out our tallow. The country was black with buffalo. That afternoon we got things ready to do big work the next day, but managed to kill eight or ten buffalo which were very fat. The next morning McDowell and myself, who did the hunting, killed eighteen by 11 o'clock. It was very warm and we had no water, as the buffalo staid away from the river until the middle of the day. The tallow has to be cut from the carcass shortly after it is killed to keep it from souring. After doing this I told McDowell I was going to camp, being extremely thirsty and on the verge of sunstroke. I think this resolution saved both our lives. McDowell was so thirsty he drank some blood. Our guns by this time were very dirty. We struck the river some distance from camp, and waded in the water some distance to cool ourselves and drink all we wanted. We got to camp



Crossing the Arkansas River, Wichita, Kansas.

and told them where they would find the tallow and some of the nicest meat they had ever seen. Four of them started with a team to haul it in. They were absent about an hour and a half. In the meantime I had cleaned my gun and fixed a place to smoke meat. Shortly after the party returned with the meat one of them looked up and exclaimed, "What is that?"

I was at the time lying on the ground having been asleep. I heard him say they were women, and I knew at once they were Indians, for there were to my certain knowledge no women in that country; but the calico shirts and long, streaming hair of the red devils had caused the tenderfoot to conclude they were females. I jumped to my feet, told them to tie their horses, and for each man to get his own gun. It was a lucky thing we were all in camp together. Old man Doty still insisted they were women, even if they were Indians, but McDowell said:

"Women! You'll find out in two minutes whether they are women or not."

Where we had killed the buffalo was on the opposite side of the river, some two miles from camp. The Indians had been attracted by the firing, and had seen the men with the wagon hauling off the meat and tallow, and had followed them, keeping on the opposite side of the river, and evidently bent on frightening them from the timber. They forded the river about three hundred steps north of our camp. The Indians evidently thought the men with the wagon were farther from camp than was the fact, and expected to attack them when away from the timber, where they could bring in play the Cheyenne tactics of riding around in a circle and shooting at their leisure, and with comparative safety to themselves, by keeping on the opposite side of their horses. As soon as the Indians saw us they commenced firing from a distance of about two hundred yards. The first bullet struck a tree about a foot above the head of young Doty, and evidently startled him considerably. His dodging would have done credit to a duck, but nevertheless he stood the firing like a man. One of the men, however, was so badly scared as to become demoralized. He thought the best place to fight from was under the wagon. His idea was to shoot the Indians in the legs so they couldn't get up to us. Things began to get lively. McDowell and I hastily finished tying the horses to the wagons and trees so the Indians could not make them break loose. McDowell had also been a soldier in the war of the rebellion, and the sound of the whistling bullet was not unfamiliar to his ears. I put a few plain words to my friend under the wagon and then turned my attention to business, for by this time the Indians made a rush for our camp. They had their war paint on, were naked to their waists, and it was a sight to see them coming at full speed on their fleet ponies with the regular Indian whoop. The covetous devils evidently had an eye on our stock as well as our scalps. As they rushed into camp they goaded our horses with spurs to make them break loose. One fellow, with a light gray blanket, passed near me and thrust his spear into the hip of one of the horses belonging to my valiant friend under the wagon. I gave him a couple of shots with my revolver at close range, not more than two feet. I could see that the powder blackened his blanket. His pony carried him off, as they generally tied themselves on their horses before going into battle, but I think those pills must have made him pretty sick. The situation was mighty lively for a couple of hours. The Indians kept circling around us, clinging to the side of their horses opposite from us, and making demonstrations as if they would come right through camp. We each of us got a tree and shot whenever the chance occurred, but were careful not to all shoot at the same time. It was a hot day, and dodging for two or three hours around a cottonwood tree had made us all thirsty, but it was extremely dangerous to leave cover to get water. Finally I could stand it no longer, and seized a coffeepot and taking my gun in hand ran fifty or seventy-five yards to the river. I hadn't much expectation of getting back, but was bound to have water. As it turned out I got the water without injury, although the redskins treated me to several shots. During the fighting McDowell and I counseled together and determined to protect our stock to the last, but one of the men said his family could get along better without his horses than they could without him, but our conclusion was that when they got our horses we would be in a condition where we would not need them. Finally the Indians ceased their attack and disappeared. We suspected the rascals had gone after help. McDowell and I went to the top of the bank of the main bottom, about fifty steps from the tree where I was stationed, and peeping over saw about three or four hundred yards off twenty-one Indians sitting in a circle holding a council of war. I told McDowell I was going to get one more shot in while they sat there.

He said: "All right; let us take a man apiece and help them to jump up." I rested my gun on a buffalo chip, took as good aim as I knew how and fired. Both of our guns went off about the same time. We only had muzzle-loading guns, and had to rush back to cover to reload. I never knew what effect our shots had, but there was lively jumping among the Indians, who mounted their horses and were in our camp almost as soon as McDowell and myself were. We got to our trees and made it so warm for them that they soon backed out. One man said he thought they would let us alone if we would give up our horses, but that we were not going to do.

The Indians came at us again. One, more bold than the rest, tried to creep up on us. He was coming toward the tree where McDowell was stationed. He was in the act of rising to his knees to shoot when he got the contents of McDowell's gun in his breast. When the bullet struck him he lunged forward, and I thought at one time he was coming into camp. But he had his death wound, and after rolling five or six feet down the bank remained quiet. His comrades rushed in on their horses, and grabbing him by the belt and hair dragged him off. In the meantime we got in several additional shots, but whether effective or not we could not tell, as we didn't stop any of them. But we got the spear, gun and blanket of the Indian McDowell had shot. These were trophies. I took the lance, one of the Doty boys the gun, and I don't remember what became of the blanket. This happened about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the Indians were not so brave as they had been. But they still kept a watch on us and fired an occasional shot. As soon as it became dark we started down the river with our entire outfit. There was at that time a block-house at the forks of the Solomon, built by the troops, which we hastened to reach. We had not been long out of camp before two Indians crossed our trail. They made no hostile demonstrations, but hurried away in the darkness. We reached the block-house about 3 o'clock next morning, and to our surprise we found two families there who had come to do work on their claims. When we told them we had been fighting Indians all the afternoon they were very glad of our arrival. About daybreak next morning, after we had had breakfast, one of the boys said, "There they go."

And sure enough, in three or four hundred yards of the stockade was a band of Indians several hundred in number. We did not stop to parley, but turned lose on them. There were three men we found in the outfit at the stockade. This reinforcement made us a party of ten, and capable of making a good fight, which the Indians seemed to appreciate, for they did not tarry to try conclusions with us, but passed on northward. Skinner, the man who the season before had shot Karnes off his horse while hunting buffalo because he was riding with his hat off, and whom he mistook for an Indian, here put in some talk about men always shooting at Indians. He said this was the reason the settlers had so much trouble. I told him to wait until I got through shooting at the redskins and I would wear my gun out over him. We saw no more of this band of Indians. There was a squadroon of United States cavalry encamped at this time at the Great Spirit springs. Three streams of water run out of the spring, one to the west, one to the north and the third to the east. This was to the Indians a sacred fountain. They threw into it offerings of various sorts, bows, arrows, blankets guns, moccasins, robes and other articles to propitiate the favor of the Great Spirit, to whom they supposed this spot was peculiarly sacred. It was a place of general resort for the different tribes of Indians.

We left the stockade the next morning and reached home without further incident deserving mention. After this experience with the Indians I went to Topeka and got a situation with the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and transferred freight from the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé to the Union Pacific railroad for nearly two years. During this period of my life I remember of only one incident that would be of any interest to the public. In the winter of 1873 I saved the life of a Catholic priest, who had charge of a little flock at Newman Station. He wanted to take the six o'clock plug train to Kansas City. I heard some one fall against the express office door and thought it might be some one seeking entrance for the purpose of robbery. After securing the safe I took my pistol and went out to see what was the matter. I found a man lying close to the platform, right across one rail of the road. The train was due in five minutes, and if I had not found him it certainly would have crushed him to death. I stepped off the platform, saw the train coming, caught him by the collar, and with one jerk landed him on the platform. The only recognition I received for my timely services was the maudlin remark, "You're too smart, young man." Those were the days of express robberies. I was on a passenger train which was robbed at Muncie, seven miles out of Kansas City, in 1873. Out of curiosity I stuck my head out of the window, when some fellow halloed, "Take it in or I will shoot it off." I complied with his request. McDaniel was one of the parties connected with this robbery. He was arrested and taken to Lawrence. He escaped from jail, but was killed by an old German who discovered his hiding place and was trying to arrest him. The name of the conductor on the train was Jake Brinkerhoff, and that of the engineer Bob Murphy. While working for the express company I never knew when to look for a visit from these gentlemen, and always kept a sharp look out. But I never met with any adventure.

I was employed by Fenlon & Wilson, of Leavenworth, in 1874, to work with a bull train on the Dodge City and Fort Elliott trail. It was light work and I had a pleasant time. I made the acquaintance of some fine fellows at Dodge City, among others Joe

Mason, who was boss of a bull train for Wright & Rath. We were snowed up for eight days at one time, and the train I worked in laid close to Joe's. We spent the time in hunting turkey and playing monte. It took us twenty-five days to make the trip from Dodge City to Fort Elliott. During the winter I was camped on the headwaters of the north prong of Red river. Fort Elliott is situated on the headwaters of Sweet Water. While in camp here during the winter I had two of my horses stolen by a party of Mexicans. They had come over into the northern part of the state plains the winter before to dry buffalo meat, and while so engaged the notorious Bill Henderson raided their camp, burning all their wagons and stealing all their horses and cattle, about 600 in number. In retaliation the Mexicans were picking up horses belonging to any one in that vicinity, and pounced on two of mine. I followed the outfit to Fort Sill, across 200 miles of country without a solitary house or camp. Nothing crossed this region only roving bands of Indians. With the assistance of Jack Stillwell, government scout at Fort Sill, I recovered my horses, but one was so jaded I left him behind and bought another animal and started back to Fort Elliott on that long, lonely ride. I encountered the severest storms it has ever been my lot to be out in. I had got about fifty miles from Fort Sill when it commenced raining and blowing. Salt Slough, at the west end of the Wichita mountains, was the only place I could camp, as there was no grass anywhere else, the whole country being burned over. About noon I saw some Indian tracks across the trail and concluded not to stop for dinner. There was no wood of any kind in that vicinity, and the buffalo chips were by this time so wet they would not burn, so I could not get supper. Toward midnight the wind got in the north. The rain froze as fast as it fell. The horses became so cold they pulled up their stake pins. I had to tie them together and sit up and hold them to keep them from getting away. All this time the wind was getting higher, and it began to snow furiously. I was nearly frozen, and would have endeavored to travel in the night, but before the rain the wind had blown the sand unto the trail, obliterating it in places, so I was fearful I might miss my way. Morning dawned at last. It was snowing small particles of ice about the size of small shot. Getting breakfast was out of the question, so necking my horses together I struck out on the trail, walking behind the horses and driving them. It was all I could do to make them face the storm. I had eaten nothing since the morning before, and knew it was thirty miles before I could find a stick of wood. I pressed on, however, until I got to the head of a small stream that empties into the north fork of Red river, about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, having been traveling since the first break of day. The storm was becoming worse all the time. I could see nothing to make a fire with close to the trail. I went down the creek about half a mile, and was fortunate enough to find a rat's nest which was not wet through. On my way back I discovered a cañon which was pretty well protected from the wind. To this spot I made haste to bring the horses, and by means of the rat's nest and some dry wood I found soon had a fire. I was as well dressed as a man could be to meet such weather, but I was nearly frozen to death. My face, hands and feet were frost-bitten, but I didn't think about giving up. I killed a couple of turkeys and prepared a good dinner. While cooking the meal I saw a horseman traveling with the wind. I had to shoot to attract his attention. He proved to be a soldier of the 4th cavalry, stationed at Fort Elliott, and he was carrying dispatches to Fort Sill. He camped with me in this cañon for two days. Although he had been riding with the wind he was nearly perished.

On the morning of the third day the storm was sufficiently abated to permit me to proceed on my journey. I reached Fort Elliott without further adventure or trouble. I remained there until spring, when I went to Dodge City. I spent the remainder of that year gathering cattle for Hunter Evans and Company in all parts of the Indian Territory and portions of New Mexico. While riding through the Kiowa and Comanche country one day during the summer, coming down off of a divide to the north fork of Red river, I was riding along a draw that put into the river, when I saw ahead of me a horse go through the opening between two sand hills. I saw another horse go through, and changed my course from the ravine to the ridge. When I reached the top of the divide I saw five Indians sitting on their horses and apparently waiting for me to come through the hollow. They were about three hundred yards off. I shouted to them, "I'm too old." They turned and rode off toward the river. I rode ten miles on my way, by which time it was dark. I stopped long enough to cook and eat my supper, but thought it prudent to put the fire out and ride on. I saddled my horse and rode five miles further. I picketed my horse some distance from the trail and went to bed in the long grass. The weather was warm and I spent a comfortable night. Very early next morning I was on my horse and made for the high land on the divide, where I could look around. I could see a few buffalo at a distance, but there were no traces of Indians. I traveled all day and at night camped on a tributary of the Washita river. Before going to sleep I climbed a high hill from which I could look along the river. I discovered quite a number of camp fires two or three miles off, scattered along the river. I knew they were Indians, and made up my mind it would be the safer course to ride farther that night.

This occurred about fifty miles southwest of the Wichita agency. I rode about thirty miles that night, and the next day reached the Wichita agency. I mention this incident to show that a man traveling through a country inhabited by wild Indians should always be on the safe side, for he can never be certain they will not take his scalp if they get a chance.

CHAPTER XV.

TRIP TO ARIZONA.

In the spring of 1875 I went to Prescott, Arizona. I went there in the employment of Jim Kennedy to locate a cattle ranch. I found too many rustlers in that country to render it safe to let cattle run loose, and I concluded it wouldn't do to make the venture, although it was a good cattle country.

From Prescott I went to Camp Grant, and then started for Las Vegas, N. M. There I met an Illinois boy who was buying wool for an eastern company. He wanted to travel with me and bought a saddle horse for that purpose. We rode together some time and I found him good company.

One day after heavy rains we came to a creek which was high. I told him we had to cross. When I got my horse in I found it was swimming. I had the pack-mule fastened to the horn of my saddle with a rope. With the young man's assistance I got him in, but the baggage proved top heavy, and it turned the mule over with his head under the water. My Sucker friend yelled out, "You'll drown the mule!" But I kept on and dragged the mule to the other shore. I unpacked the mule and called to him to come over, but he said, "Not by a large majority," and went up and down the stream hunting for a ford. I made a fire and cooked dinner and threw my timid friend a biscuit across the river. He finally found a ford away up the creek and joined me. My chance-made friend has since written to me, but his name has escaped my memory. He made himself very agreeable, and I remember our acquaintance with pleasure.

On our journey we had to travel through a sterile country, barren of water and food for our horses. We provided ourselves with three gallons of water each, which had to answer for ourselves and stock. We watered them out of the crowns of our hats. We commenced our journey at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and rode all night and reached water and food the next day about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was extremely hot, and my friend, more dead than alive, begged to be forgiven for being so foolhardy as to take this journey. Wool, he said, was no object.

About the year 1876 Dorsey and Campbell were cattle dealers, and have since become the most extensive horse trading firm in the southwestern country. Dorsey was born in Bellaire, Ohio, and deserves more than a cursory notice. Raised on a farm, in his early youth he became thoroughly conversant with the handling and breeding of stock. Having saved some money, at the age of twenty-one he started out for himself, went to Texas, where he purchased a herd of cattle and started them north over the trail. I first met him on the nine mile ridge, near Dodge City, grazing a large drove of cattle, in the summer of 1876. I was very much struck with his appearance at the first meeting, and we have continued warm friends ever since. He was a little above the medium height, thick set and sinewy, with blue eyes, a handsome, open countenance, always smiling, and possessing a good-natured, genial disposition, which now, as then, made him liked by all his associates. His word was as good as "gilt-edged" paper, and he has always been an unswerving and helping friend to the stockmen. Although he is now but thirty-two years old his name is familiar from King's ranch to St. Louis. At present he is settled in Wichita, where he owns large stables — handling from 1,500 to 2,000 head of horses and mules annually. His partner, Mr. James Campbell, is a native of Illinois, and has been in the cattle business for a number of years and in his disposition and general demeanor is a good counterpart of his partner. He resides at Caldwell, where he manages the range for cattle and horses. No two better men ever struck a trail, and they have the entire confidence of every dealer in the Southwest.

In January, 1877, Edward Finlan telegraphed to me at Dodge City to come to Wichita and join a party to lay out a trail from Wichita to Barrel Springs. On reaching Wichita I found the party all ready for service and awaiting my arrival.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRAIL FROM WICHITA TO CANTONMENT.

The party consisted of a detachment from the 24th infantry, under command of Lieut. Hyle, Benj. F. Wilson, son of Levi Wilson, of Leavenworth, Cyrus Beard and myself. There was one government ambulance, one escort wagon, and two four-horse baggage wagons, containing our bedding, luggage, tents and camp equipage. We reached South Haven in a driving blizzard, where we remained two days, and then entered the territory. The route was soft, muddy, and the traveling very difficult, and slow. The weather continued cold and disagreeable, and we were frequently stopped by obstructions to our passage. Fortunately the creeks were low, and we experienced little trouble in crossing them. At Salt fork and Turkey creek our wagons broke through the ice, causing us a great deal of delay and trouble in extracting the wagons and horses, and giving us a good ducking. I was fortunate in having brought my horse, which I mounted, and Beard and myself rode eight miles through a severe snowstorm to reach a habitation. It was one of the coldest, dreariest days I ever knew The wind cut us through and through, while our clothes were frozen from our waist down. Sheer desperation alone kept us up, when after much suffering we reached Smith's ranch on Deer creek, where we were hospitably entertained and enjoyed a good night's rest.

After entering the territory we angled to the southwest, experiencing much difficulty in finding a trail which would be passable and afford pasturage for cattle. We named one creek after Lieut. Hyle just before striking the Cimarron river, where I located a good crossing which I had found while on scout with Lieut. Cushman the year previous, when he was escorting a commission sent down to appraise the territory. The commission was composed of Col. Topping, who commanded the regiment taken out by Gen. Grant at the commencement of the war, Capt. Smith of the same regiment, and Capt. Wilkerson. The commission was engaged in this business for three months, during which time I piloted them over every township, creek and every important point west of the 92d parallel which could be of any service to them in forwarding the objects of their journey.

The country was full of game, and our larder was always filled with the choicest haunch of venison and the fattest turkeys and rabbits which ran the forest. On one occasion we killed 37 turkeys in one evening. Deer could be shot almost every hour. My experience with the commission and this second trip as a guide with Lieut. Hyle rendered me so familiar with the creeks and hills that I could now find my way through the Cherokee country as readily in the dark as by daylight. There is scarcely a square mile of ground in that section on which at some time I have not pressed my own or my horse's feet.

Having established a trail we returned to Wichita, which place I reached in March, glad to meet my old comrades. I put up at the Richey House, kept by W. A. Richey, one of the most energetic and pushing citizens in Wichita. It was owing in a great measure to his influence that the party was sent out to locate the new trail. Ever since he settled in Wichita he has been foremost in contributing his time and means to any project accruing to its benefit. Generous to a fault, he has the genuine grit and push of the successful western man, and every enterprise of note regarding the city has found his name connected with it as a prominent promoter. The Captain was delighted with the big haunch of venison and the fat turkeys I brought; he was most nobly assisted in their digestion by that royal old scout, Dan Parks, than whom a nobler specimen of manhood does not exist. He was one of the oldest and best scouts on the plains, but becoming enamored of a handsome girl he married and settled down to a quiet life. His manly form and good-natured face may be seen daily on the streets at Wichita, where he has for several years been known among the most reliable of its police force. Everybody likes him and it makes one feel good to see his pleasant face and hear his jovial laugh.

After resting awhile under Richey's hospitable roof I went to Ford county, near Dodge City, and took charge of a herd of cattle for F. C. Horine & Co., and started with them for Douglas, situated on Walnut river, in Butler county. They had employed me on account of my intimate knowledge of the country. There were pretty good settlements all along the route. The cattle had been dogged away from the corn and sorghum patches in Ford and Edward counties and the herd was a little wild when they saw a dog or a woman; but I managed to control them pretty well till I reached Marshall, on the head of the Ninisqua. On reaching that town I rode through it and asked the citizens if I could drive the herd through the village. They assented, and I requested them to keep the dogs indoors, as the cattle were very wild and especially afraid of dogs. This they promised to do and I started to drive through. But the women of that village, like all others, were extremely curious, and unable to restrain their desire to get a look, opened the doors, when out jumped the dogs, and a scene of indescribable confusion, excitement and devastation ensued. The cattle trampled over the vegetable gardens, tore up the fences, broke down all the fine young cottonwood shade trees and scared the women nearly out of their senses. Having finally got the herd beyond the limits of the town (there were four houses in it) I dismounted and asked the man who appeared to be the acting mayor how much was to pay for the damage done. One said $15 and another $10. I gave them a check for the amount on the First National Bank of Wichita. The bank had been defunct for over two years, and I did not consider my check was for too large a sum, but I did not have the required cheek to accept the hospitalities offered me and I caught up with the herd as quickly as possible and halted not till I had the cattle beyond the county line. Some of these frontier farmers are not so green as they appear, and I was afraid one of their memories might be refreshed with the fact that that check would not bring quite $25 at Wichita. I delivered the cattle on the Walnut, where they were to be stall-fed for market, and remained on their farm a portion of the winter. In the spring I concluded to try my luck on wild horses.

CHAPTER XVII.

DRIVING WILD HORSES.

For this purpose I came to Caldwell and obtained a herd of 287 wild horses, which I drove over the state of Kansas, selling at points where there was any demand, disposing of many at Wichita.

Wild horses are a peculiar animal to hande, and a greenhorn had better let them alone. Those, too, who have never seen nor handled a herd can form little idea of the trouble and care required to master them. They are never handled except as colts, when they are branded, and are unacquainted with rope or bridle until they are driven up to be broken. When that time comes the owner of the herd rounds them up, takes out the four and five year olds for breaking. Then he puts a boy with them for a day or two, after which they herd themselves. When they stampede, as they are likely to do at any slight scare, the most unruly ones are roped and "kneed." The kneeing process consists in cutting the cord that sets the foot forward. This of course only applies to stock horses on the range. This prevents them from running, but they can trot. Another method is to tie a block of wood to their foretop, which pounds them in the face when they run. The Spanish method, resorted to by Texans, is to put a forked stick over their forefoot. The last method is effectual; but it is a cruel one, especially in Texas, where the flies are bad. They gather on the wound, biting the horses, and causing the sore to fester, which makes the horses footsore, and sometimes they have to be killed when the wounds do not heal or mortify.

When a herd of horses is to be driven they are handled similar to a herd of cattle. They are not rounded up at night, but are allowed to scatter out in the afternoon, and in the morning all hands are in the saddle to make the round up for the day's drive. It is a hard life, and the boys must be skillful riders to accomplish the work required of them. One meal a day is often all they receive, and they are constantly in the saddle from daylight till sundown. Sometimes they will stampede and scatter so far in an hour's time as to take all day to close them up again. They are just about as bad to muster as a routed army which has been chased all day, and a great deal worse, for they don't answer to their names when called. Frequently during the day they will start on a run, and the herder will race his horse at full speed for miles before he can overtake and turn the leading horse. A good herder must be well acquainted with the country and understand a wild horse's peculiarities, or he will soon throw up in despair. They are easily lost unless tended by a skillful man, and the Indians are constantly on the lookout for stray animals, which they steal when they have an opportunity. When horses are found in their posession they demand $5 each for them.

During the spring of 1876 I received from the Indian agent power of attorney to collect, sell, and otherwise dispose of all horses, ponies and mules that are found in the states of Texas, Kansas and New Mexico.

So many horses were being stolen from the Indians that it was considered necessary to place an officer on their track. I traced a herd to Buffalo Station, on the Kansas Pacific railroad, about sixty miles from Dodge City, where the thieves were arrested, and I recovered eighty-one of the ponies, took them to Hays City, where a large number of them got loose and wandered off, and three of the five thieves broke jail and made good their escape. In another place I have mentioned the fact that I made a trip up the Canadian river in search of stolen ponies with the L. X. outfit, the sale of a large number of which was prevented by my opportune appearance in that section.

During the same season a large number of horses were run off into New Mexico and up the south Canadian river. Being instructed to glean all the information possible regarding the stolen horses, I concluded to make a personal trip into that territory and ascertain who were the thieves and how they had disposed of the horses. As it was too risky to be known as a government agent I traveled with a freighter, thus allaying all suspicion as to my real purpose. Reaching the ranch of Bates & Beal, about forty miles below Tuscosa, I was kindly received by them, and as W. M. Moore, the foreman of the ranch, was just stocking a large outfit for a round-up up the river as far as Bascom, I accepted his kind offer to make one of the party. He furnished me with a horse and I experienced no trouble in reaching the little Mexican town of Tuscosa, built of adobe and containing one store, which supplied wet and dry goods — especially the latter — to all the inhabitants. While here I visited the ranch of a Mexican named Romaldo Vaca, about thirty miles up the river. Here I ascertained that some of the stolen stock had been marketed and sold in small lots to various parties. There were too many Mexicans there, however, to make myself known, and I returned to Tuscosa, where I joined a herd going to Dodge City, which point I reached without incident, but glad to get out of New Mexico with a sound skin, for I was frequently viewed with great suspicion by the Mexicans. At Dodge City I found a few of the stolen animals and stopped their sale.

The same summer I was engaged in tracing lost cattle through the Indian Territory for J. H. Stevens. He has been a constant driver for over twenty years, and he has filled large government contracts. He is an agreeable, pleasant gentleman, with sound practical business sense, and has become a wealthy and influential citizen in Texas.

CHAPTER XVIII.

D. W. LIPE TREASURER OF THE CHEROKEE NATION.

In 1882 a commission was sent out by the Cherokee government of Tahlequah consisting of D. W. Lipe, treasurer of the Cherokee outlet, John Schrympsher; George Saunders and Major Brewer, for the purpose of collecting the tax due that nation for herds grazing on the Cherokee reservation. The commission, on account of my knowledge of the location of all the herds, as well as of my acquaintance with the owners, employed me to collect the taxes. It was a new occupation to me, or at least nearly so, for I had had a little experience in this line helping Gov. Brownlow to collect the state revenue in Tennesee during the war. I was kept very busy. I was engaged in the business two years, and was constantly on horseback during the time, visiting personally all the herds that crossed or entered the outlet. I found the pursuit, nevertheless, both agreeable and profitable, and only gave it up because more important business called me elsewhere. Mr. Lipe was a splendid specimen of manhood. He was finely educated and his manners and address were those of a cultivated gentleman. My dealings with him were altogether satisfactory. Indeed, from all the Cherokee officers I received constant and courteous attention. They are a manly set of fellows and know how to treat a man white every time.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRIP TO TUSCOSA — HOW A KANSAS BRAGGER WAS SOLD.

In the fall of 1882 I took eight teams loaded with merchandise from W. N. Hubbell & Co. to be delivered to Bates & Beal, or at the L. X. ranch. A portion of the goods were to be delivered at Torres' ranch, about forty miles above the L. X. ranch and about fifteen miles from Tuscoso, on the Canadian river. The route lay in a straight course through a country having no trail. I had been over the route before and was the best acquainted with it of any person in the party. We started early in the morning and that night camped on Hall creek, where we were joined by Harry Derrick, one of Bates & Beal's head men, with his men. He said this was the last trip he intended to make. He would bring out one more herd, he said, before cold weather set in, and winter or ship them at Caldwell. The men who owned the teams were a stubborn lot, and as they were paid by the hundred they would only drive about twelve miles per day, while they fed their horses not only all they could eat, but wasted the grain in a careless manner. I remonstrated with them, and told them if they were not more careful they would find themselves short long before the end of the trip, and in a country where there was no grain nor fodder to be had for love or money. But my protests were of no avail. But their stubborn cussedness soon met its own reward.

When we reached Eagle Chief we were overtaken by a blizzard, followed by a snowstorm, which lay several inches deep on the ground, which was not visible again for weeks. The grain gave out before the journey was half accomplished. The horses became too weak to haul their loads, and the men growled and swore. Finally a portion of them threw their loads off and stored them in Day's empty storehouse and started back home, while others became desperate and did not attend to their horses. However, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, we struggled on till we had passed the Adobe Walls, a point which will remain memorable in the annals of the Kansas border as the spot where the buffalo hunters gave the Cheyennes and Arapahoes such a sound thrashing that they have never forgotten it. To say Adobe Walls to one of them will arouse his anger to this day.

We had just gone into camp at Adobe Walls cañon when there arose the most terrific blizzard and snowstorm that I ever saw, and I have been out in a great many. We drew the wagons close up to the edge of the cañon, then took our teams and mess chests down to the bottom, where we soon had a fire started, and set about preparing our supper. Before we had brought enough water to quench the thirst of our stock, the snow began piling up in the cañon. Before we had finished our supper the horses, hitched close to our camp, were up to their haunches in the snow, and the drifits still piling and filling up the cañon. It was so cold that we all expected to perish before morning, as our stock of fuel was very meager. A man named Serby jumped up, and standing by the fire began reckoning our chances, saying he was certain the stock would be all frozen by morning and that the prospects were we should all freeze. It was so cold that while he was talking he burned the back of his boots so badly that they fell to pieces the next morning, although he was insensible to the heat. But the morning at last came to our relief, and we were overjoyed to find ourselves and stock all alive. We managed with great difficulty to hitch up our teams and make a start, as we knew it to be almost certain death to remain where we were. It soon began to snow again, and all around as far as the eye could reach was one great white sea. We were like a ship on a dark night without a compass. The only guide we had was an occasional distant break of the river, but we managed to reach a camping place, where we killed two wild turkeys which made a feast for us, our provisions being almost exhausted. The next day we reached Bugby's ranch, which to our grief we found deserted. The remainder of the other party which had accompanied us here left to go to the LX ranch, while I pushed on to Tuscosa. Before entering this little town I came to a little draw not more than 300 feet across. I found it so filled with snow that I was compelled to go around it.

When I finally gained access to this insignificant Mexican town it was late at night. After a long search I found the merchant to whom my freight was consigned, who gave his consent to have the goods unloaded on the side of the river where I had left my team, as the ice was so thick in the stream that it would have taken me several days to cut a passage at the ford. The plaza was dark and deserted, almost the entire population having gone to a fandango, about a mile down the river, at the house of the Alcalde or Real, which, translated into good Saxon, means the boss of the town. I finally obtained shelter for my teams and some supper for myself, and glad enough I then was to accept a bed in the store, for I was thoroughly exhausted with fatigue and exposure. Having delivered my freight, I rested my horses for a few days, and having recuperated myself on tortillas, muscal and the black eyes of the lovely señoritas, returned one hundred and fifty miles to where I had unloaded a portion of the merchandise, reloaded it, and after another cold and disagreeable journey found myself again in Tuscosa.

I had just deposited my second load of freight at its destination when in my strolls around the village I encountered a man who had just come in from Medicine Lodge creek. His equal for lying and braggadocio it would be difficult to find even in Nebraska. He seemed to take immense gratification in maligning Caldwell and everything pertaining to it, and I determined to clip his feathers for him at the first opportunity, which soon arrived. He began to boast about his horse, his natural brag and a little tanglefoot representing the animal as the fastest west of St. Louis. After listening to his Munchausen tales till I was pretty well disgusted I thought a good opportunity had presented itself to begin the clipping process and give him a good currying down. I offered to run my horse against his for "drinks for the crowd"—not a trifling bet, for though the rot-gut called whisky which was retailed in Tuscosa would unsolder a canteen in a half-mile run in the sun, it was twenty-five cents a thimbleful, and there were about 150 Mexicans in the crowd. He was too high strung to be bluffed by a mere freighter, so he accepted the challenge and the race was run, his horse winning by several lengths. I called up the crowd, paid for the tanglefoot, which cost me three or four eagles, and after giving him a fair chance to blew his horn I offered to race him again for all the money he had. He produced $180, which he said he would bet, together with three head of cattle. I accepted the bet, and not having that much money, I went to the Mexican who had given the fandango on my first arrival — Romero — to borrow it. He had witnessed the first race and when I stated what was needed he told me I could have anything I wanted.

Said he: "Bet all the money and all the stock you can raise, and keep on raising him as long as he can find a friend to back him. I saw your first race, and besides I know that smooth little cario of yours. I saw you hold him in the first race, and suspected your object. He will feel mighty bad after this race." The money—$180—and three head of cattle were staked on either side and the race began. The Medicine Lodge creek horse hadn't a ghost of a chance, and my horse won easily. But he was the most crestfallen man Tuscosa had within her limits for many a long day after- He was taught a good lesson while I had replenished my purse sufficiently to last me all winter and bring my outfit back to Caldwell—and it was a sorry-looking outfit, too.

CHAPTER XX.

SKETCH OF CALDWELL.

Caldwell, in Sumner county, and situated right near the border of the Indian Territory, is to-day one of the liveliest towns in Kansas. It is the legitimate successor to Abilene and Wichita as the headquarters of the cattle drive from Texas. The cowboy feature has predominated until within the past few years, but matters are much changed and Caldwell, with more than two thousand inhabitants, and with a business much larger in proportion than the population, is to-day on the high road to commercial supremacy.

My first experience with Caldwell was in 1870, on a trip to the territory in search of cattle. At this time Capt. Stone kept the only store in town and furnished the Texas cattle trail with groceries, wet and dry. Capt. Stone still has property in Caldwell, but now resides in Kansas City. I was there from time to time while on my expeditions until the year 1880, when I made it my home, or rather headquarters. This was the year of the advent of the railroad as well as of a city charter, mayor, council, marshal and cooler. Then she began to grow only as western towns grow, and with her prosperity came the "free and easy," the varieties, a brick hotel, bank and opera house, and also the old red light.

For a year or two after the advent of the railroad the city was a pretty tough place for a peaceable citizen to live in, but the law of the survival of the fittest was not broken in the case of Caldwell, and the red light, variety theater, bawdy house, gave way to the home, the school and the chapel.

A good many deeds of violence linger as reminiscences among the people, and even yet there is an occasional outbreak to remind the older citizens of the good (?) old days, but as before stated the "cowboy" regime has ended.

As Wichita, Emporia and Newton did with her, Caldwell has given up her most reckless citizens to make up a little band of rustlers, horse thieves and hard characters to populate some other town.

During the season of 1885 2,300 cars of beef cattle had been shipped to northern and eastern markets, aggregating at least 55,000 head. Besides, the shipments of horses, hogs and general farm produce have been very large.

Caldwell is the supply point for a large section of the Indian Territory. Millions of pounds of freight are transferred annually from the railroads at this point by wagons to various posts and Indian agencies. Among the men identified with the origin and building of Caldwell I have already mentioned Capt. Stone. He now owns one of the largest cattle ranches in the Cherokee strip.

Witzlaben and Keys now keep on Main street, opposite the Leland Hotel, the largest stock of drovers' supplies and clothing in the city, and is the oldest firm in that business.

Harvey Horner is the leading chemist and druggist. He married in Wichita, Kansas, in 1878, went to Caldwell and embarked in the drug business in 1879, the principal stock in trade being "freight bills and cheek." His business as a natural consequence grew from the very beginning, from the opening of goods — not doors, as he had none. In after years credit enlarged, and he put in a full and complete stock of watches and jewelry, and employed a good watchmaker. He then enlarged his drug store, paid up his bills and increased his stock. His business increased so rapidly that it necessitated the employment of four drug clerks and salesmen to conduct his trade. While Harvey Horner is a thorough business man he is yet humorously inclined, and shows off to good advantage among his companions. Being of such a congenial, social nature, like the magnet, he naturally draws about him a host of admiring friends. His drug and jewelry trade now amounts to more than thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

I became acquainted with Horner in Wichita in 1872, during the days of that city's preëminence in the cattle trade. In 1880 he was elected city clerk of Caldwell, and being aware of my extensive acquaintance with cattle men he induced the city authorities to employ me to solicit owners of herds to drive them to Caldwell for shipment in preference to other places. I undertook the employment, and in company with Hugh Charless visited nearly all the herds which were on the trail that season, and succeeded in turning many of them to Caldwell. On my way back from the panhandle of Texas I brought through a herd for John Powers, of Falls county, Texas. I had some trouble with the Cheyenne Indians. The somewhat celebrated chief, Stone Calf, since dead, stopped the herd, and said if I did not give him twenty-five head of cattle he would go and get his young men and scatter the herd in the bush. I told him if he did so he had better bring a spade with him, as he would be ready to bury, and we didn't have any. He said he would bring soldiers with him. I told him I didn't care, for I would shoot him if he had a soldier on each side of him. We were then in the Cheyenne country on the north fork of the Canadian. Stone Calf did not molest us, but Powers and I watched all night, and the next day we moved the cattle back on to the Cherokee strip. I had previously met Powers in Abilene, he having been among the first drovers to drive cattle to that point. He is one of those substantial, matter-of-fact, every-day kind of men that you feel instinctively will do to tie to, and when you look into his frank, open countenance, a sense of his straightforward manner of life and business integrity impresses you. You feel that in him there is a true, big-hearted man who could have no pleasure in a mean, dishonorable transaction, and upon whom you can rely with safety.

By 1882 Caldwell had become a great cattle shipping point. During that year the firm of Hewins, Hamilton & Titus shipped from there by rail 275,000 head of cattle.

This firm now owns the largest stock ranch in the Cherokee strip, close to Brodrick & Dean, who own another very extensive ranch called the "Two Bar" ranch. James Hamilton, of the first-mentioned firm, is now mayor of Wellington, Sumner county.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN CATTLE TRADE.

Since the close of the war the business of cattle driving from the vast plains of Texas and the western territories has assumed such proportions as to cause it to take rank among the leading industries of the country. The "Texas cattle boom" will ever remain a unique and interesting chapter in the history of the southwestern country. Every occupation develops peculiar characteristics in those who habitually pursue it. This is emphatically so with the class of men who have long been subjected to the surroundings and the habits of life entailed upon those who have been identified with the cattle trade in its various branches. Phases of character have been developed which will pass away with the decadence of the business, which must sooner or later result from the settlement of the territory now devoted to grazing, which are deserving to perpetuation for the use of future novel writers if nothing else. The drovers or ranch owners, among business men, are a distinctly individualized class. You know them wherever you see them, whether in town or country. They are bold, out spoken and open-hearted, yet possibly a little inclined to be clannish. But taken as a body no more reliable men in a business point of view, no men more ready to lend a helping hand to each other in a financial pinch, no men more ready to aid a poor man struggling with adversity, are to be found on our broad continent. I speak warmly, for I have been among them for years, know many of them intimately, and my judgment is based upon personal knowledge. I will make mention of a few who have peculiar claims upon my gratitude, although I know there are many others equally deserving.

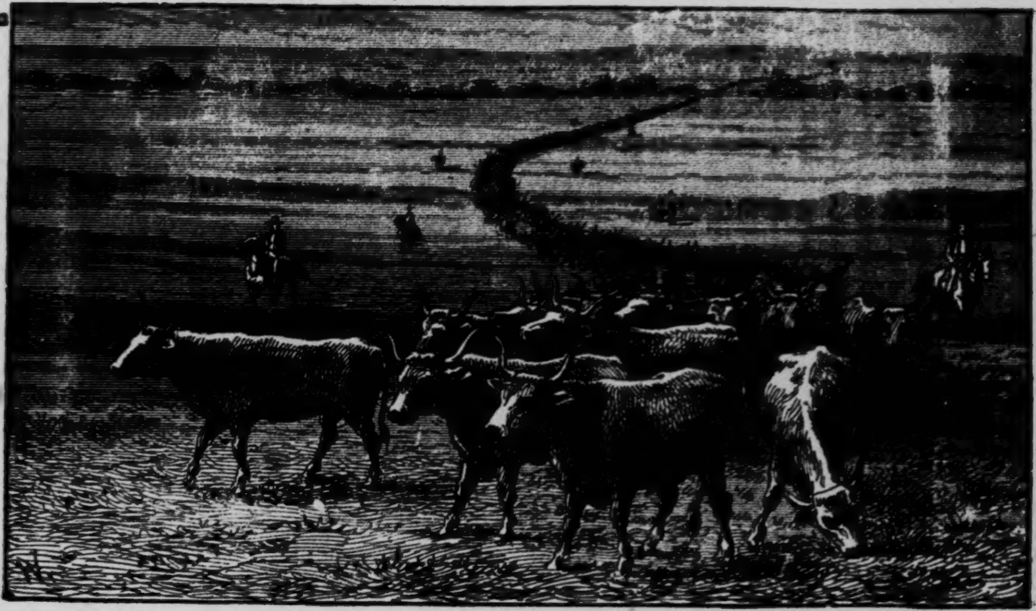
Louis Kurtz, of the firm of Fish, Kecht & Co., of Kansas City, will, I hope, excuse me for talking to the public a little about him. He is only about forty years old, but has been pretty much over the world. Both his name and brogue give him away—he is a Teuton of a pronounced type. But a livelier, more go-ahead and never-give-up Dutchman is not to be found between the Atlantic and Pacific. He is generous to a fault, always ready to have fun, but with a keen eye to business all the while. He is one of the men of whom it can be truthfully said he never deserted a friend. All his business transactions are conducted upon the highest principles of honor. Wherever he is known Louis Kurtz's word is as good as his bond. He is known in every frontier town of any cattle-shipping importance, and wherever known is liked.

Harry Hill, of the same firm, holds an important place in my esteem. Also Major Maderia, who is now bookkeeper for Hewins & Titus on the ranch in the Cherokee strip. I am under obligations to Will Maderia for many favors of various kinds. While on government business I made this ranch one of my stopping places, and was always treated with the heartiest kindness. They often loaned me fresh horses to enable me to get through in time with my dispatches.

The Blair Brothers, ranch owners in the Cherokee strip, Marion and John, are first-class men in every respect. They own large herds. John Blair is now secretary of the Live Stock Association of the Cherokee strip.

The men I have mentioned represent the money in the cattle trade. The class that represent the labor, or at least an important branch, are the cowboys. I know of no more lifelike description of this remarkable specimen of the *genus homo* than is contained in Joseph G. McCoy's "Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade," and take the liberty of inserting it here:

"When the herd is sold and delivered to the purchaser a day of rejoicing to the cowboy has come, for then he can go free and have a jolly time—and it is a jolly time they have. Straightway after settling with their employers the barber shop is visited and from three to six weeks' growth of hair is shorn off, their long-grown, sun-burnt beard 'set' in due shape and properly blacked. Next a clothing store of the Israelitish style is 'gone through,' and the cowboy emerges a new man in outward appearance, everything being new, not excepting the hats and boots, with star decorations about the tops, also a new—well, in short, every thing new. Then for fun and frolic. The bar-room, the theater, the gambling room, the bawdy house, the dance house, each and all come in for their full share of attention. In any of these places an affront fancied, or a slight, real or imaginary, is cause sufficient for him to unlimber one or more 'mountain howitzers,' invariably found strapped to his person, and proceed to deal out death in unbroken doses to such as may be in range of his pis-



Oliver Wheeler's Herd Landing.

tols. Whether real friends or enemies, no matter, his anger and bad whisky urge him on to deeds of blood and death. At frontier towns, where many cattle are driven, as a natural result considerable business is transacted and many strangers congregate. Here are always to be found a number of characters, both male and female, of the very worst class in the universe, such as have ceased to feel the last sting of shame — men who live a soulless, aimless life, dependent upon the turn of a card for the means of living. They wear out a purposeless life, ever looking blear-eyed and dissipated; to whom life, from various causes, has long since become worse than a total blank; being in the form of man, whose outward appearance would betoken gentlemen, but whose heart-strings are but a wisp of base-sounding chords, upon which the touch of a higher, purer- life has long since ceased to be felt — beings without whom the world would be better, richer and more desirable. And with them are always found their counterparts of the other sex, those who have fallen low, alas! how low! They, too, are found in the frontier cattle towns, and that institution known in the West as the dance house is there found also. When the darkness of night is come to shroud their orgies from public gaze these miserable beings gather into the halls of the dance house and trip the fantastic toe to wretched music, ground out of dilapidated instruments by beings fully as degraded as the most vile. In this vortex of dissipation the average cowboy plunges with great delight. Few more wild and reckless scenes of abandoned depravity can be seen on the civilized earth than a dance house in full blast in one of the many frontier towns. To say they dance wildly or in an abandoned manner is putting it mild. Their manner of practicing the terpsichorean art would put the French can-can to shame.

"The cowboy enters the dance with a peculiar zest, not stopping to divest himself of his sombrero, spurs or pistols, but just as he dismounts off of his cow-pony so he goes into the dance. A more odd, not to say comical, sight is not often seen than the dancing cowboy. With the front of his sombrero lifted an angle of forty-five degrees, his huge spurs jingling at every step or motion, his revolvers flapping up and down like a retreating sheep's tail, his eyes lit up with excitement, liquor and lust, he plunges in and 'hoes it down' at a terrible rate, in the most approved awkward country style, often swinging 'his partner' clear off the floor for an entire circle, then balance all, with an occasional demoniacal yell, near akin to the war whoop of the savage Indian. All this he does entirely oblivious to the whole world and the 'balance of mankind.' After dancing furiously, the entire 'set' is called to the bar, where the boy is required to treat his partner, and, of course, himself also, which he does not hesitate to do time and again, although it costs him fifty cents each time. Yet if it cost ten times that amount he would not hesitate, for the more he dances and drinks, the less common sense he will have, and the more completely his animal passions will control him. Such is the manner in which the cowboy spends his hard earned dollars. And such is the entertainment that many young men from the north and south, of superior parentage and youthful advantages in life, give themselves up to, and often their lives are made to pay the forfeit of their sinful foolishness.

"After a few days of frolic and debauchery, the cowboy is ready, in company with his comrades, to start back to Texas, often not having one dollar left of his summer wages."

The foregoing is a graphic, and, in most respects, truthful sketch of one phase of the cowboy's character. Away from his legitimate calling he is worthless, but on the range he becomes a most valuable individual. No class of men exhibit more pluck, endurance and faithfulness in the performance of their duties than do the cowboys. Their life is frequently one of great hardship. The care of a large herd, especially on a drive, requires constant attention night and day, and the devotion of these men — and they make a professional pride of it — in standing by their trust during rain, storm, stampedes, and every other obstacle, should be set to their credit when we are enumerating their vices. I have known personally many of this class, and have found not a few of them good, reliable fellows, while of nearly all it may be said they are generous and in their way kind.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY EXPERIENCE AS GOVERNMENT SCOUT.

My business in hunting and driving cattle, locating ranches, etc., threw me constantly in contact with the United States troops stationed at the various posts. My accurate and extensive knowledge of the country, as well as a natural aptitude for finding my way anywhere, soon became known to the officers commanding, so that my services were in demand to pilot detachments of troops in their expeditions. I may remark here that from early boyhood the bump of locality, as the phrenologists would say, was strongly developed on my cranium. I never experienced the feeling of being lost. I have read somewhere that a poet is born, not made, and I think the same is true of a successful scout. Going through a country for the first time I make mental note of all its leading features, and they remain so indelibly impressed upon my memory that on a second visit it seems familiar ground. This is not the case with the majority. I know plenty of men who have been through a country time and again who would confess themselves incompetent to act as a guide to anyone else through the same region. And, after all, in every enterprise of life, is it not true that only the few can find their way unaided, while the many must be content to follow as they are guided? I make this statement without any feeling of vanity, but as a pointer to youngsters who have become fascinated by reading dime novels with the life of a scout and frontiersman, that unless nature has done her part in your make-up for such a career, no amount of experience will render you a success.

My career as a scout began fully twenty years ago, and I have served in that capacity under various officers pretty much all over the southwestern country. But my design was to embrace in this book principally my experiences during the excitement caused by the attempt of Captain Payne and his followers to colonize the Oklahoma strip in face of the orders of the United States government to the contrary.

June 20th, 1884, I received verbal orders from Gen. Hatch to proceed to Rock Falls, on the Cherokee strip, where Capt. Payne had established a settlement, and ascertain as nearly as possible the number of boomers there, and also at Pearl City, some twenty miles further down, where there was another settlement. I was gone four days. I met with no incident worthy of note, excepting having had to swim my horse across the Chicaskie river. I made my report to the effect that there were about 350 boomers, some few being women; also a drug store, boarding house and printing office. They had apparently gone to stay, but the fates and the general government had decreed otherwise.

After satisfying himself as to their whereabouts, Gen. Hatch, in company with Lieut. Finley, rode over to the boomer settlements and personally notified them to vacate. This they declined to do, claiming that what is known as the Cherokee strip was government land, and as such open to settlement.

I received an order from Gen. Hatch to accompany Capt. Cusic, of the 9th cavalry, witn a detachment of troops, to eject the boomers from Pearl City. They had abandoned the place; we followed them up and found they had encamped on the Chiloca creek in the Cherokee strip close to Arkansas City. Previous to this Gen. Hatch had established a camp at the junction of five trails, the old Ponca, the Arkansas City and

Reno, the Chief Joseph, the Yellow Bull, and the Ponca and Hunnewell trail, for the purpose of intercepting the movements of intruders, it being situated between the two boomer settlements of Pearl City and Rock Falls. Capt. Cusic proceeded to arrest the entire party, numbering twenty-two or twenty-three. The prisoners were taken to the camp on the Chicaskie, that is, the old offenders, the others being permitted to return home. On reaching camp we found Capts. Valois and Moore, of the 9th cavalry, had returned from a similar raid on the Rock Falls settlement, and had brought in Capt. Payne, and others of the boomers at that point. The morning after our arrival at camp I received the following order:

HDQRS. DISTRICT OF OKLAHOMA,
IN THE FIELD, CAMP ON CHICASKIE, Aug. 10, 1884.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 19:

[Extract.]

Scout Theodore Baughman will report to Lieut. J. H. Gardner, 9th cavalry, and accompany him on the march required by S. O. No. 18, C. S., from these headquarters.

By order of Col. Hatch,

WALTER FINLEY,
1st Lieut. 9th Cavalry, A. A. A. General.

I reported to Lieut. Gardner the same day the order was received, and we started with Payne and seven or eight other veteran boomers who were there to be turned over to the United States District Court for the western district of Arkansas for prosecution. It rained all the first day out until we reached camp. The second day we reached the Otoe agency, and went into camp close to the Indian trader's store, on the north bank of Red Rock creek, having traveled about twenty miles. The next morning while I was packing up and the troops were getting ready to march, a United States deputy marshal and one of his posse, from Wichita, Kas., appeared on the scene and demanded the prisoners. Lieut. Gardner informed his majesty, the deputy, that he could not have the prisoners, unless he licked his outfit and took them by force. It is hardly necessary to say we resumed our march with the prisoners. That night found us camped on the south side of Black Bear creek, south of the Pawnee agency on the Pawnee reservation. On resuming our march next morning the prisoners complained we took them over a road the natives couldn't travel. They were in wagons, and as it was a rocky country, they got pretty well shaken up. We camped that night on Ranch creek, and lost three head of mules, which were stolen. After making an unavailing search for the mules, we pulled out from camp on Ranch creek, and traveled over rather a rough country, camping at night close to the head of Bear creek, on the Cimarron. The next morning we crossed the Cimarron, at which point Lieut. Gardner and I turned back and rode to Ranch creek. On reaching there our horses were very much exhausted. After a night's rest we resumed our homeward ride, meeting General Hatch and his adjutant between Nez Perces and Ponca agencies. Gen. Hatch was going to look over the Stillwater country, as far as Camp Russell. The old general had a way of piloting himself, and never required the services of a guide. The party in charge of Payne & Co., commanded by Lieut. Jackson, landed the prisoners safe into the hands of the civil authorities at Fort Smith. To my personal knowledge, Payne, and all the other prisoners, were treated kindly, and were made as comfortable as was practicable.

Some time after this, while at Caldwell, I received an order to report to Captain Carroll, of the 9th cavalry, at Camp Russell, and to ascertain while en route whether there were any boomers in the country. But the breaking up of their settlements at Pearl City and Rock Falls had made these gentry shy, and it was hard to find them, as they were scattered about on the creeks in the brush, making it a difficult matter to ferret them out. This trip was rendered harder on account of high water, the creeks all being up, compelling me to swim them. On my return from Camp Russell, a long and tedious trip, I marked out a route with a view of locating points for bridging Red Rock, Black Bear, Salt Fork and Cedar Creek, and Cimarron river. On a subsequent trip to Camp Russell I made accurate measurement with an odemeter of the distance of the route as well as the width of the various streams and made report thereof to headquarters.

A brief description of this much disputed Oklahoma country may prove interesting to many whose eyes have been turned in that direction by reason of the brilliant and seductive accounts sent out by those interested in pushing the boomer movement. I have traveled over the entire strip time and again and must say that these accounts are in many respects exaggerated.

The strip is a high divide between the

north fork of the Canadian and the Cimarron rivers, broken by numerous small creeks flowing into each of them. It might be termed a hilly country with the exceptions of these portions bordering on Cottonwood and Chisholm creeks. The hills are covered with a kind of black jack, fit for nothing but fire-wood. Along the streams there is a growth of cottonwood, hackberry, elm and in some places china brush and dogwood. Along the Cimarron there is some good oak timber, and about the mouth of that stream the hills are covered with oak. The wide bottoms along the Cimarron are liable to overflow in high water, the banks being generally low on both sides. The soil in some of these bottoms is quite rich, but portions of it are too sandy to be productive under the hot sun of that latitude, in places the hardy grass of that region even refusing to take root. On the high ground and along Campbell creek and Deep Fork especially there are large sections which are perfectly barren of vegetation. The eastern portion along the north bank of the Cimarron and close to its mouth is rough and rocky.

The Oklahoma strip is about sixty miles long by about forty-six miles in width, and may be bounded as follows: Commencing at the northwest corner of the Creek Nation; thence due west about one hundred miles to the Red Fork of the Cimarron river, and sixty miles south from the Kansas State line and west of the 98th degree of longitude west from Greenwich, and on the 108th meridian; thence in a southeasterly course along the meanderings of the Cimarron to the 98th degree of longitude; thence due south to a point on the north side of the Canadian river; thence in a southeasterly course along the meanderings of said river to the Indian meridian; thence due north on the Indian meridian to the North Fork of the Canadian river; thence southeasterly along the meanderings of said river to the west line of the Sac and Fox reservation; thence due north to the Red Fork of Cimarron river; thence northeasterly along the meanderings of said river to the west line of the Creek Nation; thence north to the place of beginning. The strip in dispute contains about 14,000,000 acres of land.

There has been a great anxiety on the part of emigrants from the states to secure a location in Oklahoma—an anxiety which I think has been increased because it is forbidden fruit, for there are plenty of unoccupied government lands not in dispute equally available for settlement. I have never seen any excuse for breaking the laws in order to gain a foothold in the Indian country. I want to see the country opened up to settlement, but I have been provoked to see a set of adventurers persistently defy the United States authorities, and place themselves in a position of antagonism to the laws of the land. It is a matter for congress to settle, and until congress acts I think the loud-mouthed boomer should take a back seat; and when it is opened those schemers who led so many dupes to privation and suffering will not become what they no doubt will aspire to be — the most prominent citizens.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL HATCH AND HIS STAFF OFFICERS.

Gen. Edward Hatch is one of the noblest men I ever met. I account his friendship the highest honor of my life. His military career has been a long one, but has been one of uniform success—of duty nobly performed. His services during the war of secession form a bright page in the history of that memorable conflict. He was not in a position to acquire the fame which fell to other officers with larger commands, but whenever Gen. Hatch and his cavalry were heard from the people rejoiced, for they knew valiant service had been done for the sacred cause of the Union. In the comparatively obscure position which he has filled since the war, that of protecting the people of Texas, Kansas, Arizona and the other territories against Indian depredations, he has made himself universally popular. With the warm-hearted people of Texas he is a special favorite and they, one and all, swear by Gen. Hatch.

My position as a scout has brought me in personal contact with him for many years, and I have uniformly found him both just and generous. He is dignified, but not in any wise haughty, being at all times considerate and agreeable in his manner toward any one with whom he is doing business, whether his station is high or low. I have seen military officers who seemed to delight in acting the tyrant, but Gen. Hatch would scorn to use his power to oppress the humblest man under him. I am personally indebted to him for many kindnesses which will always be held in grateful remembrance.

I should feel that I had been guilty of ingratitude were I to fail to notice in this account of my life my friend Walter L. Finley, first lieutenant of company L, 9th cavalry, and at present acting adjutant-general of the District of Oklahoma. He is one of the brightest, bravest, friendliest and freest-hearted young fellows that ever lived. He is from Pennsylvania, and I venture to predict that if the occasion ever arises when his abilities can be tested in a great war, the old Keystone State will enroll his name among her heroes along with those of such leaders as Hancock and Meade. He has been an active participant in the military operations to settle the Oklahoma troubles, and it has been a good school in which to learn prudence, patience and forbearance, as well as the exercise of firmness and decision of character. Lieut. Finley has been uniformly my friend, and has my best wishes for his success in life wherever he may be.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES TAYLOR.

Another among my particular and most prized army friends, is First Lieut. Charles Taylor, quartermaster of the 9th cavalry, and at the time I knew him was quartermaster-general of the district of Oklahoma. I saw a good deal of service with Lieut. Taylor. In the summer of 1884 while he and I were going out to look over some field transportation, his horse, or rather one belonging to the quartermaster department, became unmanageable, and in attempting to dismount he was thrown and had his leg broken at the ankle, from which he suffered a great deal during the summer and fall. Lieut. Taylor is the prince of good fellows, but firm as the rock of Gibraltar, and stern and unrelenting in carrying out anything he undertakes. He incurred the everlasting displeasure of the Oklahoma boomers by his strictness in carrying out the orders for their expulsion from the territory. On one occasion he came across a number of them encamped on the present site of Fort Russell, on the south bank of the Cimarron river. The boomers were holding religious services. The Lieutenant inquired "Who's boss here?" He got no satisfactory response, and declared the whole party under arrest. Some of them refused to acknowledge the arrest and leave the ground. These he ordered to be seized and tied; he then had them put in the wagons and hauled to Fort Reno. There is no use for any one to try to fool with Charley Taylor while carrying out orders from his superior officer. One of the bound boomers sued for $25,000 damages but did not recover anything.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIP TO FORT RILEY.

On October 16, 1884, I received orders to accompany H and D troops of the 9th cavalry, on their march to Fort Riley, which is situated in Davis County, Kansas, on Smoky Hill river. It required the services of some one familiar with the route to regulate the march so as to secure suitable places for camping, where sufficient could be had for the stock.

I reached camp on the 17th, at Chicaskie. On the 18th we marched to Chilocca creek, south of Arkansas City, a distance of twenty-five miles. The next day marched to Winfield, and camped on Dutch creek, having traveled twenty miles. On the 20th we marched to Douglas, about eighteen or twenty miles, and put up our tents in a camp-meeting ground. The next day, 21st, we journeyed as far as Gideon creek, and camped on the farm of Mr. Potwin. The close of the 23d found us at Peabody, on the Santa Fé road. The next day we reached a point six miles north of Marion Center on a spring branch. On the 25th we got to the first crossing on Lyon's creek, and on the 26th moved into Fort Riley, it being Sunday. That night I slept in Lieut. Gardner's quarters, and on Monday the 27th, I reported to Col. Dudley of the 1st cavalry, who commanded the post, and got transportation home. I had previously seen Col. Dudley at Fort Lyon. He is a good ways past the middle age and has spent many a year in Uncle Sam's military service. But he is still a soldierly looking man, erect, and with an eye like a hawk. I was treated very kindly by him as well as the other officers at the post. I forgot to state that Capt. John Loud of company D, commanded the battallion on the march to Fort Riley, Lieut. Gardner being in command of company H. I returned to Caldwell where Capt. Moore of L company of the 9th, was stationed that winter, watching the boomers.

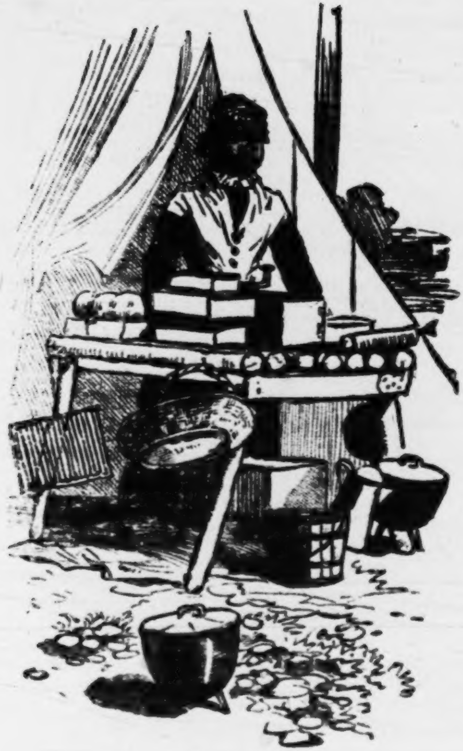
The winter wore with occasional episodes in the way of expeditions into the territory with Lieut. Finley looking after the boomers. On one occasion the command captured a squad of eighteen wood thieves who had been surreptitiously helping themselves to timber off the Cherokee strip, which they were hauling to Arkansas City. Finley compelled them to leave the wood at Chilocca school house. The wood gatherers were much incensed, but the stern hand of authority was upon them and they could do nothing but grumble.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FURTHER WANDERINGS.

I left Caldwell, January 11, 1885, with three troops of cavalry, Capt. Francis Moore in command. The roads were very soft, making traveling difficult, and it was cold, the wind being in the north. We camped that night on Deer creek, where we remained during Monday, the time being whiled away by the troops cursing the boomers for moving them out of good, warm quarters in such weather. On Tuesday, the 13th, the weather was bitter cold. The troops moved down the creek to near Miller's ranch and went into camp. I rode on to Salt Fork and saw Gen. Hatch, who was in camp there. I found South Fork impossible to cross, on account of the ice being piled up. I spent the night at Gen. Hatch's camp, and next morning returned to Capt. Moore's camp, on Deer creek, some eight miles distant. It was sleeting. The two blacksmiths were kept busy sharpening the horses' shoes. We broke camp on the morning of the 15th, in a terrible snowstorm. The roads were so slippery from the sleet that the soldiers had to lead their horses, and it was so bitter cold that eight or nine of them froze their hands and faces in marching a distance of only eight miles. On the 16th it was quite clear, but still tremendously cold. We cut holes in the ice to flood it, so as to make it thick enough to carry the troops, horses and wagons. The command consisted at this time of company L, Capt. Moore; company B, Capt. Dawson, and company M, Capt. Rucker. There were three six-mule teams to each company, besides eighteen or twenty contract wagons. On Saturday, the 17th, the entire command crossed without accident. We marched to Red Rock, the soldiers being compelled to hold their horses by their bits to keep them from slipping. We went to camp on south side of Red Rock, the wagons being hauled across by hand, on account of the banks being so icy, animals couldn't get a foothold. We remained there over Sunday, and breaking camp early Monday morning, marched to Black Bear, about sixteen miles.

Tuesday, the 20th, we reached the south line of the Cherokee strip gate, having had a painful march over the ice, and the weather still remaining intensely cold. The soldiers



Emma's Mess Kitchen.

began to feel pretty bitter toward the boomers, and were not backward in expressing themselves. The next day was no improvement on the preceding one, and we only succeeded in making fifteen miles, going into camp at half past one o'clock on a prong of Stillwater creek. Camping time Thursday found us on Cedar creek, north of Camp Russell, after a march of twelve miles. Next day we countermarched to a prong of Stillwater creek, about seventeen miles. Saturday, the 24th, we broke camp soon after daylight, and after a hard march formed a junction with the other troops, under command of Major Dewees, at the camp of the boomers, in charge of Capt. Couch. During the day we had put in considerable time building bridges, which recalled to my mind very forcibly my war experience during the Atlanta campaign. The next morning, Wednesday, the 25th, the boomers were formally notified that they would be given until next morning at nine o'clock to move out. I find in my note book the following entry in the handwriting of Capt. Moore: "Good deal of diplomacy going on between the two camps, Lieut. Day being minister plenipotentiary on part of the command." Day had ordered the boomers out on a previous occasion, and they had refused to go, inviting him to fire on them if he chose.

My note book has this entry for the 26th: "Troops formed in line of battle at nine A. M., and stood awaiting orders. Word came very soon that the boomers would go, and the line was broken up to await further orders. I started at 2 P. M., by order of Capt. Walter L. Finley, Adjt.-Gen. of the district of Oklahoma, to carry dispatches and letters to Arkansas City, to be forwarded from there. My instructions required me to remain in Arkansas City twenty-four hours to await answers to telegrams unless they arrived sooner, and then return to Ponca agency to meet the troops."

This is the trip which Gen. Hatch complimented, and which was noticed in Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Magazine*. The weather was intensely cold and the roads icy. I traveled all night and reached Arkansas City after a drive of twelve hours. Answers to telegrams came in time for me to start back next morning, and I returned to Ponca agency, where I met the command. The boomers were in front, loaded in fifty-four wagons, and presented a rather doleful spectacle. They were escorted across the state line at Arkansas City and released. They went into camp there. Gen. Hatch soon after moved his headquarters to Arkansas City so as to be in position to keep Capt. Couch in check, while two companies of troops were stationed at Ponca agency.

Under orders I attended the various boomer meetings in the state in order to ascertain what their plans were. It has been constantly claimed that a great majority of the people of Kansas sympathized with the boomers but from what I saw and heard I am convinced this was not the case. They had sympathizers, and they generally made a great deal of noise, but thinking men condemned the movement as unwarranted and presumptuous, and calculated to weaken the respect of men for the authority of law. The boomers have tried to pose as martyrs, but have signally failed. I say this out of no unkindness, for I know several of them with whom I am on good terms.

On Wednesday, March 4th, 1885, I left Arkansas City with an infantry battalion, Major Clark, bound for Ponca agency, which point was reached March 7th, and relieved the cavalry battalion, which moved to Chilocca creek, south of Arkansas City, on the Cherokee strip. I was kept constantly on the move, but I omit all incidents up to the 7th of April. On this date I commenced a memorable trip over the Oklahoma country to Camp Russell, in company with "Lord" John Bacon, the accomplished and gentlemanly correspondent of the Kansas City *Times*. I went under orders from Gen. Hatch to measure width of streams in event they needed bridging, for the high water had bothered him a great deal, also to look out the best crossings. My companion was representing his paper, one of the most wide-awake papers in the west.

One pleasant incident of the trip was stopping with Major Clark of the 23d infantry, a most hospitable and clever gentleman, as an able soldier so recognized throughout the army, having been in the service since long before the war. The Major is a universal favorite. He is always the same in camp or court.

We next struck the Pawnee agency on the 9th of April, where we met with the misfortune of having our mules burnt up in the Indian trader's stable that night. About midnight I saw a light in the window of the hotel and perceived the stable was on fire. I called Bacon and told him the stable was afire, I guessed. When I got there it was too late to do anything, the four animals with two horses already having perished, also a set of harness I still owe for. I managed to save the carriage. On returning to the house I found that another tragedy had transpired in my absence. "Lord" Bacon, it seems, on being aroused from his sleep and dreams of a long communication to the *Times* in regard to the number of cattle in Oklahoma, leaped frantically from the bed, and in endeavoring to reach the window to look out, he fell down stairs (and great was the fall thereof), sustaining severe, but not fatal injuries in various portions of his body. Our landlady, alarmed by the crash, came out as thinly clad as the hapless Bacon, the dress of each being a night-gown, and a look of amazement and fright. But, like a true newspaper correspondent, he was not to be deterred by difficulties or misfortunes.

On the 11th we went with the agent's team to the Z. V. ranch, about twenty-five miles west, where Mr. Wm. Norman kindly let us have the use of a span of horses to complete our journey. We left the Z. V. ranch on the 14th, and reached Camp Russell on the 15th. On the 16th I took the measurement of the Cimarron river at Camp Russell for a ferry, with the following result: 240 feet of water; 331 from top of bank on north side to a stake on bar on south side, and 556 feet from an oak tree on north side to a cottonwood on south side. We had a pleasant time at Camp Russell, being most kindly taken care of by Captain, now Major, Carroll, and Lieut. Bingham, of company A, 9th cavalry. April 19th we reached Black Bear on our return, where the unlucky but plucky correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* once more came to grief. As we were descending the bank to the creek ford, near the Wiath cattle company's ranch, the buggy upset and rolled into the water; but I got the worst of this adventure, for I fell first with Lord Bacon on the top of me, with the lines tangled around my feet. The team was fortunately jaded and did not run, and we escaped with no further injury than a good wetting and a coating of mud. It was only a short distance to the ranch, where Captain Parks, manager, took us in, and in every respect acted toward us the good Samaritan. We reached Arkansas City April 20th without further misfortune. From there I went to Topeka as witness before the United States grand jury against the boomers. On returning to Caldwell I found the 9th cavalry had received orders to change stations with the 5th cavalry at Fort McKinney, Wyoming Territory. I was ordered by Gen. Hatch to report to Maj. Dewees' battalion, then on the way from Fort Reno to Arkansas City, via Camp Russell. This proved to be one of my toughest trips, having to swim my horse over every stream on the route. Although along in April it was cold, there frequently being ice in the creeks. These delays kept me so long on the road Gen. Hatch became uneasy, and telegraphed to Fort Reno to know if I had reported. He knew of the high water and thought I had likely been drowned. On my return to Caldwell I was ordered to report to General Dudley, and was afterward transferred to the 5th cavalry, and went with two battalions to Fort Reno.

July 15th I joined Captain Potter at Caldwell who had orders to notify intruders off of the Oklahoma and Cherokee strips. I was out fifteen days with him, during which we traveled pretty much all over both strips. The weather was very warm, and we suffered much from the heat, as well as from lack of water. The boomers can have the satisfaction of knowing that they caused a good deal both of inconvenience and suffering to the instruments used by the government for their expulsion. I got back to Caldwell on the 1st day of August.

My next undertaking was of a private nature. I was employed by R. L. Dunman, of Coleman county, Texas, with eight others, Hiram Norton being his foreman, to retake possession of a ranch and a herd of cattle numbering 7,000, the purchaser having failed to comply with his part of the contract. The ranch is situated in the forks of the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers. We got possession of the ranch and herd, and held it for two months and a half, when the purchaser having in the meantime complied with the contract of purchase, we turned the stock and ranch over to them by order of Mr. Dunman.

R. L. Dunman is an old cattle driver, and now runs large herds in Texas. He is one of the most energetic and persistent workers I ever saw. He is an honorable man, and doesn't undertake anything that is not right, but when he does start there is no stopping him. From him, and also from his foreman, Hiram Norton, I received many kindnesses. They are both men who will do to tie to in any emergency.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GENERAL HATCH'S CAMP.

Among my most pleasant remembrances are the days I spent at General Hatch's camp on the Chillocca creek. This camping ground was about six miles south of Arkansas City, and two miles from the Kansas line on what was known as the Cherokee strip. The command was composed of seven companies of the Ninth United States Cavalry, numbering in all about six hundred men. The headquarters of General Hatch were at Arkansas City. Colonel Benteen was in immediate command of the camp on the Chillocca creek, and a noble commander he made, too. While a thorough disciplinarian, he was honored and respected by every soldier in the camp. It was my business to watch the Boomers, and in my capacity as Chief Scout to General Hatch, I was in and out of the camp all the time. There being, as I have said, six hundred men in camp there was no chance of being very lonesome. The duties of the soldiers consisted mainly in taking care of their horses and going out on scouting expeditions, and between the two they were generally kept pretty busy. After the tatoo which sounded at nine o'clock at night, the lamps were all put out and then came those never-to-be-forgotten camp-fire chats. Many a merry tale was told, many a loud and boisterous song was sung; all sorts of yarns were spun, some of them truthful enough, and many of them not any too truthful. Ghost stories, love stories, hunting stories, war stories, all sorts of stories. Sometimes a sort of home sickness would strike the boys, and then they would sing songs of home, and of their early days. Many of the men were old war veterans, and told some strange and wonderful stories of the war. I guess they sometimes stretched a little, especially when describing their own exploits. Sundays were not much different from other days. We were not blessed with a chaplain, so we had no church service, and truth to tell, I am afraid none of us were hankering very much for religious exercises. Sometimes we had visitors on Sunday, and that broke the monotony of the week. Mr. Northy, of the Santa Fee road, showed me great kindness on the occasions of his visits. The various illustrations that are scattered through this volume will give the reader a good idea of our camp. The forage pile, with its baled hay and other necessaries for the horses, the camp oven dug in the ground that would cook to a charm, the pleasant face of Emma, the colored cook, as she stands at her camp mess kitchen table, and the Adjutant's office tent will call up pleasant memories to all who ever saw the camp on Chillocca creek.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INDIAN GRAVES.

It will be interesting to such as have never seen an Indian grave to have some information presented to them concerning burial among the Indians. When an Indian of the Cheyennes or of the Rapperhoe tribe dies, his family and tribe begin forthwith to collect as many shirts, leggings, moccasins, etc., as they possibly can. In addition to all this they gather together as much ammunition as possible, and with a saddle and a hatchet and the indispensable peace-pipe, they take the body of the dead man into some secluded spot in the woods. They then procure long poles, which they place on crotches of the trees, twenty or thirty feet high, on these they spread rawhides. The dead body is then wrapped up in blankets with all the paraphernalia which have been collected. A buffalo hide is tied around the whole and secured to the poles and branches of the trees. The favorite war horse of the dead Indian is then brought and shot. All this proceeds on the superstition that these things will be useful to the dead man when he reaches the happy hunting grounds. A bucket of water is placed near the grave that the dead man may not suffer from thirst. I have seen hundreds of these graves, and they are not often molested. Even careless men have a sort of feeling that the Indians have a right to enjoy their own superstitions. Now and again some devil-may-care of a cowboy will disturb the sacred relics. But woe betide him if the Indians catch him; they will shoot him dead without a moment's pause.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HUNTING MEMORIES.

The pleasantest feature of Oklahoma life has yet to be mentioned. The city gentleman may take pride in showing his country friends the sights of a great metropolis. The sturdy farmer may fill himself with satisfaction as he welcomes his city friends to his home of peace and plenty and quiet. The European and American may exchange places, and visit and revisit the great centers where men have reared huge structures and piled up immense fortunes, but all these are tame and common compared with a rough and ready reception in the wild west. The later years of my scouting experience have been broken into by visits, not from the redskins, not from troops bent on war, not from cowboys turned loose to start a bedlam on the plains, but visits from knights of the gun and rod. In fact, many hunting parties from the cities, it has been my pleasure to meet during recent autumns. Men who lay aside the office ledger and the business of shop or store for a six weeks' trip into Oklahoma land are usually men of congenial spirits, of brave acts and of kind hearts. One such party I will refer to in particular. Put on the list Fred P. Taylor, John F. Whiting, Bill Haskell, Harry Loveday and Albert Huston, of Chicago. Let these be joined by Ben Miller and Milt Bennett, of Caldwell, Kansas. Then add guns, revolvers, tents, kettles, knives, wagons, horses, saddles, dogs, blankets, cigars and other "refreshments," and then invite the writer to show the way, and you have an outfit such as never went in search of pleasure any where but in the beautiful wild gardens that lie in the valley of Oklahoma. These men I have been with, and have the promise for the future of still other campaigns in the lands which the red man calls his own. Together we have forded streams. Together we have brought down the wild deer on the run or the wild turkey on the wing. Together we have slept in wagons and under wagons, or within the shelter of little tents pitched on spots where stakes had never before broken the surface of mother earth. Together about the camp-fire we have lain on the grass and counted the turkeys and deer killed during the day after they were strung up on long poles placed in the forks of the trees. The evening was also the favorite hour for swapping stories.

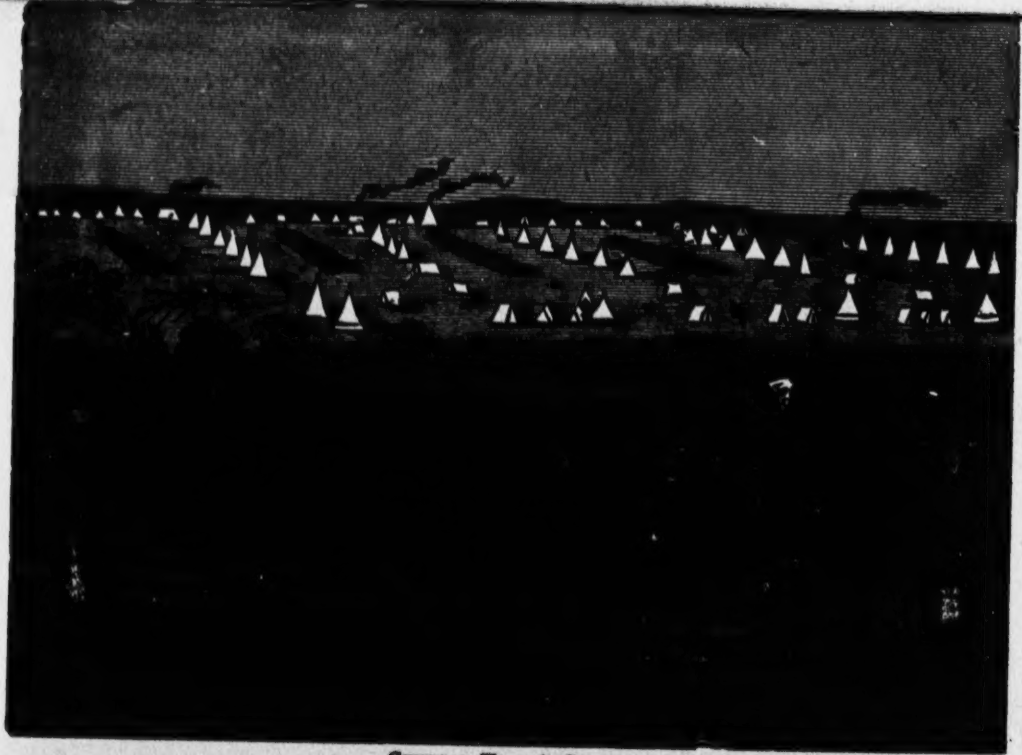
It was not always the best shot who could spin the best yarn. Messrs. Miller and Bennett, of Caldwell, are the president and treasurer, respectively, of the Cherokee Live Stock Association. They are gentlemen of wealth and culture. But as they presented themselves in camp with torn brimmed hats and pants so sadly demoralized that they little more than evaded the law, they became, to all appearances, banditti of the prairies. Mr. Miller would not have been recognized on the campus at Cambridge as he was in former years, when he left old Harvard with honors, nor would Mr. Bennett have been easily recognized as the keeper of an exchequer and the treasurer of a great corporation. But true gentlemen do not change with their clothes, and these two, freed for a time of business cares, were affable, large-hearted gentlemen still, while roughing it in the chase or in the camp. Mr. Taylor and his fellows of Chicago were as jolly and honorable and enjoyable company as ever left a great city to smoke pipes or tell stories about a camp-fire in the wilds that border the Cimarron. Taylor and Haskell were opposites on everything. From the first morning greeting until the last man was rolled in his blanket at night, these two managed to disagree. Their friendly spats furnished life and sport for the party, who often volunteered to make a ring for them to fight it out in approved style. But when Haskell and Loveday got lost after a turkey hunt near Sulphur Springs, south of the Cimarron, Taylor was the worst worried man in the party, and laughable to remark, his anxiety seemed to be mostly about contrary-spirit Haskell. The laugh was at the expense of the good-natured Bennett one day when he used two small bars of dynamite to try to blow fish out of a stream. He secured, as the result of his scientific feat, two little fish no longer than a pipestem, which, however, he declared he would cook and eat, as the experiment cost him about three dollars, besides his valuable time. The recollections of all these gentlemen will ever be pleasant to me as one of their number.

CHAPTER XXX.

OTHER SCOUTS.

Having in a brief way detailed some of my experiences as a scout, I will now endeavor to pay a tribute of respect to some other members of the scouting fraternity whom I have known.

I will begin with Jack Stillwell, who is a man now about forty years of age, medium height, with a large round head and face, the latter wearing a good-natured expression. His eyes are blue, and mild when not excited. But when he is angered, or in danger, they flash forth the determination of invincible pluck. He does not know fear. He is a splendid fellow to be with, being generous to a fault. He is the opposite of a bully, and in any difficulty he always takes the weaker side. In his ordinary intercourse with men he is unassuming and gentlemanly. His has been an eventful career, and his scouting career covers many years, including the worst Indian times on the plains. He was with Gen. Forsythe on the Republican river at the memorable Indian battle of Ricore,



GENERAL HATCH'S CAMP.

where the band of scouts lived eight days on the flesh of their horses, which were killed the first day's fight. The Indians were in overwhelming numbers, consisting of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and warriors from other tribes. On the third night Stillwell crept out under cover of the darkness and carried that memorable Forsythe dispatch to Fort Hays for succor, at least one hundred and forty miles. He reached there in safety, and the beleaguered band was rescued.

George Oaks and Mose Waters were both present at this fight and served the government faithfully as scouts. Oaks was a good friend but a bad enemy, and stood no trifling with. Waters was more of a business turn of mind, and after a time relapsed into a post trader, which position he now holds at Fort Riley. Mose is one of the best fellows in the world and is happy and rich, having a beautiful wife and three charming little girls. I was always glad when my business called me to Mose's post, and many is the pleasant hour we've spent together, rehearsing old times and the stirring scenes incident to a scout's life, and commenting upon the characteristics of those of our comrades who had gone with the majority.

Ben Clark, now at Fort Reno as scout and interpreter, too well known for his personal and professional worth in military circles to need mention here; Billy Dickson, now at Fort Elliott, a quiet, peaceable man, but brave, and always ready, and who gained knightly spurs at the Adobe Walls fight with the Cheyennes, on the South Canadian; Big Nick, as he was called, a scout widely known, a thorough good fellow, but keen, shrewd, and at all times to be relied on as a civilian or soldier; Tom Donnell, whose conversational powers are only equaled by his skill as a scout, a splendid fellow withal, are the scouts whom I have best known, and who have always been my friends.

I have now finished this little book, so far as an account of my adventures are concerned. I have not aimed to be sensational, and have stated nothing but what is strictly true. I am now past my fortieth year. I entered the army of the union, and underwent three years of hardships, which, as I look back upon them now, it seems almost impossible that I should have stood them. The time spent there was precious at my period of life. I ought to have been at school, and had I been, my career in life might have been something altogether different and better. But it is useless to repine over that now. My army experience, and, perhaps, a natural bent of mind, led me in the adventurous course of life I have pursued for more than twenty years past. I make no pretensions to being a saint, never did and never expect to. I was in every battle the grand old 19th Michigan fought, from Resaca to Avreysboro, and I may add that on the march to the sea I was in as many henhouses and cellars, and fastened onto as many mules as the best "bummer" of them all. And if in later years my life has been wild and free, and, as some might call it, rough, I have always tried to hold myself straight up among men, and to so carry myself as to command their respect, if not love; although when it comes to friends, I believe I have as many good and true ones as any man. But my conclusion from a long experience is that a man is his own best friend, and that the help of friends or relatives can never serve as a substitute for a sturdy self-reliance. "He who serves himself is best served," is a wise proverb. To boys whose imaginations have drawn brilliant pictures of the life of a scout and frontiersman, I would give the same advice Artemus Ward did to the young man who sought Artemus' opinion as to the advisibility of entering the marriage state, viz.: "Don't"—you would soon become disenchanted. It is a pleasant enough life to read about, or even to look back on when one is safe through it, but the actual experience is a different thing. It is a life hedged about by dangers and temptations, of which the latter are the more to be dreaded of the two. So, my boy, if you have a home, stay there. If you have a chance to attend school, do so, and get all the knowledge you can, for you may rest assured it will be found of immense use in after life.

To my old comrades of the 19th Michigan, especially those of company A, my own, and company C, in which my brother John served, I would say that the recollection of the stirring scenes and dangers through which we passed was one of the principal incentives to my writing this book.

Should Bony Allen and Henry Edwards read these pages, they will, perhaps, be pleased to know that Eli Benton caught me in the act of writing them in the orthodox author style, in a little room in the third story of a hotel at Wichita, Kas.

To the public I would say that I make no pretensions to literary taste or style, and if this plain, straightforward statement of the facts of my life, which have been somewhat out of the common way, shall prove of some interest on this account, I shall be satisfied.

ABBEY SERIES

12mos. All complete and unabridged editions. Printed from new, perfect plates, in large type on good book paper. Handsomely bound in cloth, embossed with design in gilt and ink on front and back of cover, with side titles. RETAIL PRICE 18 CENTS

1.	**Abbe Constantin**	**Ludovic Halevy**
2.	**Adam Bede**	**George Eliot**
5.	**Adventures of a Brownie**	**Miss Mulock**
7.	**Æsop's Fables**	**Æsop**
8.	**All Aboard**	**Oliver Optic**
9.	**Allan Quatermain**	**H. Rider Haggard**
10.	**Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**	**Lewis Carroll**
11.	**American Siberia, The**	**J. C. Powell**
12.	**American Wit and Humor**	**Peck, Nye, and M. Quad**
14.	**Andersen's Fairy Tales**	**Hans Christian Andersen**
16.	**Angeline**	**J. N. Percival**
20.	**Attic Philosopher in Paris, An**	**Emile Souvestre**
21.	**Aurette**	**Henry Greville**
24.	**Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin**	
25.	**Autocrat of the Breakfast Table**	**Oliver Wendell Holmes**
26.	**Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard**	**Mary and Elizabeth Kirby**
29.	**Back to the Old Home**	**Mary Cecil Hay**
31.	**Bacon's Essays**	**Sir Francis Bacon**
37.	**Bag of Diamonds**	**G. Manville Fenn**
38.	**Baled Hay**	**Bill Nye**
39.	**Banditti of the Prairies**	**Edward Bonney**
40.	**Barrack Room Ballads**	**Rudyard Kipling**
41.	**Bay Path**	**J. G. Holland**
42.	**Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush**	**Ian Maclaren**
45.	**Betsey Jane**	**H. E. Brown**
46.	**Beulah**	**Augusta J. Evans**
47.	**Black Beauty**	**Anna Sewall**
49.	**Black Rock**	**Ralph Connor**
54.	**Boat Club**	**Oliver Optic**
55.	**Biglow Papers**	**James Russell Lowell**
56.	**Book of Golden Deeds**	**Charlotte M. Yonge**
57.	**Boomerang, The**	**Bill Nye**
58.	**Blithedale Romance**	**Nathaniel Hawthorne**
59.	**Bracebridge Hall**	**Washington Irving**
61.	**Brooks' Addresses**	**Phillips Brooks**
62.	**Browning's Poems**	**Robert Browning**
64.	**Burns' Poems**	**Robert Burns**
66.	**Called Back**	**Hugh Conway**
69.	**Cardinal Sin**	**Eugene Sue**
72.	**Charlotte Temple**	**Susannah Rowson**
73.	**Childe Harold's Pilgrimage**	**Lord Byron**
75.	**Child's History of England**	**Charles Dickens**
76.	**Chimes and Christmas Carol**	**Charles Dickens**
81.	**Christian Living**	**F. B. Meyer**
83.	**Christian Year, The**	**John Keble**
84.	**Clemenceau Case**	**Alexandre Dumas**
85.	**Courtship of Miles Standish, The**	**Henry W. Longfellow**
86.	**Cousin Maude**	**Mary Jane Holmes**
87.	**Cranford**	**Mrs. Gaskell**
91	**Cricket on the Hearth**	**Charles Dickens**
92.	**Crime of Philip Guthrie, The**	**Lulu Ragsdale**
93.	**Crown of Wild Olives**	**John Ruskin**
94.	**Captain of the Pole Star**	**A. Conan Doyle**
96.	**Daily Food for Christians**	
99.	**Departmental Ditties**	**Rudyard Kipling**
102.	**Deerslayer**	**James Fenimore Cooper**
103.	**Divorced**	**Madeline Vinton Dahlgren**
104.	**Dodo**	**E. F. Benson**

106.	Dog Crusoe and His Master	R. M. Ballantyne
107.	Dog of Flanders, A.	Ouida
108.	Dolly Dialogues	Anthony Hope
110.	Dora Deane	Mary J. Holmes
112.	Dream Life	(Ik Marvel) Donald G. Mitchell
114.	Drummond's Addresses	Henry Drummond
115.	Duchess	(The Duchess) Mrs. Hungerford
116.	Elizabeth and Her German Garden	
118.	Emerson's Essays	Ralph Waldo Emerson
119.	Emerson's Poems	Ralph Waldo Emerson
120.	English Woman's Love Letters, An	
121.	English Orphans	Mary Jane Holmes
122.	Essays of Elia	Charles Lamb
123.	Esther Waters	George Moore
125.	Ethics of the Dust	John Ruskin
127.	Evangeline	Henry W. Longfellow
128.	Evil Eye, The	Theophile Gauthier
131.	Fatal Love	Ramiris Arias
132.	Fairyland of Science	Arabella Buckley
134.	Favorite Poems	Elmo
135.	Flower Fables	Louisa M. Alcott
137.	Fifteen Decisive Battles	Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy
139.	First Violin	Jessie Fothergill
140.	Forging the Fetters	Mrs. Alexander
141.	Frankenstein	Mary Shelley
143.	Garden of Verses, Child's	Robert Louis Stevenson
145.	Gold Dust	Charlotte M. Yonge
147.	Grandfather's Chair	Nathaniel Hawthorne
148.	Green Dragon, At the	Beatrice Harraden
151.	Gulliver's Travels	Dean Swift
153.	Heir of Linne	Robert Buchanan
158.	Her Shattered Idol	Belle V. Logan
159.	Heroes and Hero Worship	Thomas Carlyle
161.	Hiawatha	Henry W. Longfellow
162.	Holmes' Poems	Oliver Wendell Holmes
163.	Homestead on the Hillside	Mary Jane Holmes
165.	House of Seven Gables	Nathaniel Hawthorne
167.	House of the Wolf	Stanley J. Weyman
169.	How It Came About	Maja Spencer
171.	Hypatia	Charles Kingsley
173.	Ideala	Sarah Grand
174.	Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow	Jerome K. Jerome
176.	Idylls of the King	Alfred Tennyson
177.	Imitation of Christ	Thomas a Kempis
178.	In Chase of Crime	Du Boisgobey
179.	In Memoriam	Alfred Tennyson
180.	In the Rockies	W. H. G. Kingston
181.	Inez	Augusta J. Evans
182.	Ishmael, or, In the Depths	Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth
183.	Ivanhoe	Sir Walter Scott
184.	John Halifax	Miss Mulock
185.	Kept for the Master's Use	Frances Ridley Havergal
186.	Kidnapped	Robert Louis Stevenson
191.	King of the Golden River	John Ruskin
192.	Knickerbocker's History of New York	Washington Irving
194.	L'Americane	Jules Claretie
196.	Laddie and Miss Toosey's Mission	Author of Zoe
198.	Lady Grace	Mrs. Henry Wood
199.	Lady of the Lake	Sir Walter Scott
201.	Lalla Rookh	Thomas Moore
202.	Lamplighter	Maria S. Cummins
203.	Last Days of Pompeii	O. Bulwer-Lytton
204.	Last of the Mohicans	J. Fenimore Cooper
206.	La Veuve	Octave Feuillet
207	Let Us Follow Him	Henry Sienkiewicz
208.	Lena Rivers	Mary Jane Holmes
209.	Light of Asia	Edwin Arnold

210.	Light That Failed	Rudyard Kipling
212.	Little Queen of Tragedy, A	Laura B. Marsh
214.	Lime Kiln Club	M. Quad
215.	Little Lame Prince	Miss Mulock
216.	Locksley Hall and Other Poems	Alfred Tennyson
219.	Longfellow's Poems	Henry W. Longfellow
223.	Lorna Doone	R. D. Blackmore
224.	Love and Tears	Arseme Houssaye
225.	Loyalty of Langstreth, The	John R. V. Gilliat
226.	Love Letters of a Worldly Woman	Mrs. W. K. Clifford
227.	Lucy's Wonderful Globe	Charlotte M. Yonge
229.	Lowell's Poems	James Russell Lowell
231.	Lucile	Owen Meredith
234.	Madame Sans-Gene	Victorien Sardou
235.	Maggie Miller	Mary Jane Holmes
236.	Marble Faun	Nathaniel Hawthorne
237.	Maid, Wife or Widow	Mrs. Alexander
239.	Makers of Venice	Mrs. Oliphant
241.	Man from Wall Street	St. George Rathbone
243.	Man in Black	Stanley J. Weyman
244.	Marmion	Sir Walter Scott
245.	Micah Clarke	A. Conan Doyle
248.	Meadowbrook	Mary Jane Holmes
249.	Miss Milne and I	Iota
250.	Modern Quixote, A	S. C. McCay
251.	Moss-Side	Marion Harland
252.	Mosses from an Old Manse	Nathaniel Hawthorne
253.	Mortgage Foreclosed, The	E. H. Thayer
254.	Mother's Cook Book	Harland
255.	Macaria	Augusta J. Evans
256.	Minister's Wooing	Harriet Beecher Stowe
257.	Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures	Douglas Jerrold
258.	My Lady's Money	Wilkie Collins
259.	Mysterious Juror	Du Boisgobey
261.	Nameless Love	Charles Lomon
263.	Natural Law in the Spiritual World	Henry Drummond
265.	Not Like Other Girls	Rosa N. Carey
266.	Now or Never	Oliver Optic
267.	Octoroon, The	Miss M. E. Braddon
268.	Old California Days	James Steel
269.	Oklahoma Scout, The	Theo. Baughman
270.	Origin of Species	Darwin
272.	Past and Present	Thomas Carlyle
273.	Paradise Lost	John Milton
275.	Pathfinder	J. Fenimore Cooper
279.	Paul and Virginia	Saint Pierre
281.	Peck's Boss Book	George W. Peck
282.	Perfume of the Violet, The	Frank H. Howe
283.	Peter Simple	Capt. Marryat
284.	Pilgrim's Progress	John Bunyan
285.	Pioneers	J. Fenimore Cooper
286.	Plain Tales from the Hills	Rudyard Kipling
287.	Pleasures of Life	Sir John Lubbock
288.	Poe's Poems	Edgar Allan Poe
289.	Poe's Tales	Edgar Allan Poe
290.	Polite Life and Etiquette	
291.	Prisoners and Captives	Henry Seton Merriman
292.	Pride and Prejudice	Jane Austen
293.	Prima Donna of the Slums, The	Stanley McKenna
294.	Prince of the House of David	Rev. J. H. Ingraham
295.	Princess	Alfred Tennyson
296.	Poor and Proud	Oliver Optic
297.	Professor at the Breakfast Table	Oliver Wendell Holmes
298.	Prairie, The	J. Fenimore Cooper
299.	Prue and I	George William Curtis
301.	Queen of the Air	John Ruskin
304.	Rab and His Friends	Dr. John Brown

306.	Representative Men	Ralph Waldo Emerson
307.	Revenge of Circe	Alexina Lorqugen
308.	Reveries of a Bachelor	(Ik Marvel) Donald G. Mitchell
309.	Robinson Crusoe	Daniel Defoe
312.	Rifle Rangers	Capt. Mayne Reid
313.	Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam	Edward Fitzgerald
314.	Rosamond	Mary J. Holmes
315.	Royal Robber, A.	Herbert Kau
322.	Scalp Hunters	Capt. Mayne Reid
326.	Six to Sixteen	Mrs. Juliana H. Ewing
327.	Samantha at Saratoga	Josiah Allen's Wife
328.	Sartor Resartus	Thomas Carlyle
329.	Scarlet Letter, The	Nathaniel Hawthorne
330.	Self Raised, or, From the Depths	Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth
331.	Seneca's Morals	Sir Roger L'Estrange
332.	Sesame and Lilies	John Ruskin
333.	Shadow of a Sin	Bertha M. Clay
334.	She's All the World to Me	Hall Caine
335.	Ships That Pass in the Night	Beatrice Harraden
336.	Sign of the Four	A. Conan Doyle
337.	Single Heart and Double Face	Charles Reade
338.	Singularly Deluded	Sarah Grand
339.	Six Gray Powders, The	Mrs. Henry Hood
340.	Sketch Book, The	Washington Irving
341.	Snow Image, The	Nathaniel Hawthorne
342.	Squire's Darling	Bertha M. Clay
343.	Stickit Minister, The	S. R. Crockett
344	Stories from the French	Guy de Maupassant and others
345.	Story of an African Farm	(Ralph Iron) Olive Schreiner
346.	Strange Case of Henry Toplass	John W. Postgate
347.	Stronger than Death	Emile Richebourg
348.	Study in Scarlet	A. Conan Doyle
349.	Swiss Family Robinson	J. D. and J. R. Wyss
350.	Tales from Shakespeare	Charles and Mary Lamb
351.	Tales from the Odyssey	Walter C. Perry
352.	Tales from Tennyson	G. C. Allen
353.	Tanglewood Tales	Nathaniel Hawthorne
354.	Three Men in a Boat	Jerome K. Jerome
355.	Thelma	Marie Corelli
356.	Through the Looking Glass	Lewis Carroll
357.	Tom Brown at Oxford	Thomas Hughes
358.	Tom Brown's School Days	Thomas Hughes
359.	Treasure Island	Robert Louis Stevenson
360.	True and Beautiful	John Ruskin
361.	Try Again	Oliver Optic
362.	Tempest and Sunshine	Mary Jane Holmes
364.	Twice Told Tales	Nathaniel Hawthorne
365.	Under the Maples	Walter N. Hinman
366.	Uncle Tom's Cabin	Harriet Beecher Stowe
367.	Vashti and Esther	Author of Belle's Letters
368.	Vicar of Wakefield	Oliver Goldsmith
369.	Voyage of the Sunbeam	Lady Brassey
370.	Water Babies	Charles Kingsley
371.	Wedded and Parted	Bertha M. Clay
372.	What Will the World Say?	Mary Jane Holmes
373.	What Would You Do, Love?	Mary Jane Holmes
374.	Whittier's Poems	John Greenleaf Whittier
375.	White Company, The	A. Conan Doyle
376.	Wicked Girl, A	Mary Cecil Hay
377.	Wide, Wide World	Susan Warner
378.	Williams Brothers	Adrian Percy
379.	Window in Thrums	J. M. Barrie
380.	Wit, Humor and Pathos	Eli Perkins
381.	Wonder Book, The	Nathaniel Hawthorne
382	Yellow Aster, The	Iota
383	Youngest Soldier of the Grand Army	Du Boisgobey
391.	Zoe	Author of Laddie